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LYRICS *of* LOVE
AND LAUGHTER

BY MAY COLE



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The author
May Cole

LYRICS OF LOVE AND LAUGHTER

By MAY COLE

AUTHOR OF

"THAT'S WHAT THE DAISIES TOLD"



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1914

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MAY COLE

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No. 1.

TO MY DAUGHTER,
GERTRUDE COLE,
THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED

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LYRICS OF LOVE AND
LAUGHTER

THERE'S A REASON WHY

There's a reason for my hair
A-turning silvery white,
And reason why I hate to take
Up my pen and write,
For when I get a line from home
It causes deepest pain:
For never from my parents dear
Will a line e'er come again.

The last time that I saw them,
The day I went away,
I can pictures in my mind draw
Of them both old and gray,
And hear their trembling voices
As they bade me to return,
And said a light in the window
Would ever for me burn.

I had been absent just three years,
And decided for to go
Back to see the old folks and
The friends I used to know.
And just the day before the time
Came for me to start,
A message came, and the contents
Well-nigh broke my heart:

A few brief words to tell me
They both were laid away
By some ailment contagious —
Both buried the same day.

I changed my mind at going,
For I could not bear
To go back to the old home,
Finding neither there.

I never now expect to see
The old home ere I die,
But hope to be laid by them
Whenever I must die.
And every time I call to mind
My home it makes me sigh,
Tho' I can't go back while living,
And there's a reason why.

LET DEATH HER SOUL REDEEM

The ballroom was all a-splendor,
The guests arriving fast,
Strains of music sweet and tender
Greeted dancers as they passed.
There was one among the many,
Floating lightly as on air,
That was gayer than any
Of the merry-makers there.

With a step so light and airy,
With a beauty rich and rare,
Swaying graceful like a fairy
Capturing glances everywhere,

None would ever think that hidden
 'Neath the costly robe of lace
Was a secret that unbidden
 Could turn scarlet the fair face.

While the music sweetly playing,
 And the pleasure at its height,
With her graceful figure swaying,
 Trembling with a sudden fright.
For a spell her eyes had wandered
 To the ballroom door where stood
A stern-faced man who pondered
 In a deep revengeful mood.

To her escort she was clinging
 As the stranger near her drew,
She could hear her death-knell ringing,
 No escape was there in view.
Straight to her they saw him stagger,
 Walking as if in a trance,
In his hand he clutched a dagger,
 Murder showed in the advance.

As he faced her in her beauty,
 Plunged the dagger in her side:
"To God and man I've done my duty,"
 Thus he muttered as she died.
"Other hearts than mine she's breakin',
 Loves only while gold will gleam.
Since our babe she has forsaken,
 Now let death her soul redeem."

WHY?

Why did you win my heart,
Then break it?
Why gain my love and
Then forsake it?
I was content until you came
And seared my heart with love's flame.

Why did you kiss my lips
And then depart?
Why plant such deep misery
In my heart?
Passion lay dead till you awoke it;
My heart was whole until you broke it.

Why did you wake me
From a sleep?
Why cause my heart and
Pulse to leap?
I knew not pain until we met,
Knew neither misery nor regret.

Why did you court and
Go your way?
Why leave my heart filled
With sad dismay?
I never yielded to be kissed
Until you told what joy I'd missed.

Why did you take me
As a bride?
Why break my heart and
Wound my pride?
Why did you pledge your word, then break it?
Why take a bride and then forsake it?

DADDY'S GIRL

Rosebud mouth and dimpled chin,
Eyes showing mischief hidden therein;
Flossy ringlets of silken hair
Framing a picture sweet and fair;
Smiling and showing teeth of pearl,
A living likeness of Daddy's girl.

A blossom rare is Daddy's girl,
An angel outside the gates of pearl;
Winning hearts by her friendly way,
Prattling sweetly while at play.
Tells in her baby words so cute,
"Daddy bye-bye on toot-toot."

Mamma's darling with the laughing eyes,
Cheeks like the flower on which dew lies.
Always, when anything goes amiss,
Seeks to have it righted by Mamma's kiss.
More like a bud or a priceless pearl
Is Mamma's baby and Daddy's girl.

THE DREAM OF LAST NIGHT

I dreamed of you, sweetheart, last night,
That you called my name and spoke;
And in my dream appeared a light,
But then, when I awoke,
The pain of disappointment filled my heart,
The blissful dream so brief
Recalled memories which made me start
Till tears brought their relief.

So gentle sounded thy sweet voice
That when I did awake
I could not other than rejoice
E'en for sweet memory's sake.
I sought my couch that I again
Might of you, sweetheart, dream.
I found, though, all my efforts vain,
For vanished was my dream.

Mental pictures in my mind I drew
Until early morning's light.
Since memory was aroused by you
As in my dream last night,
May always my dreams be of you,
And even though they're brief,
I feel resigned and happy too,
That you're sincere's my belief.

WHY LEAVE ME FOR ANOTHER?

Why did you leave me for another
After my heart and love you won?
Leaving deep grief I could not smother —
Nothing to feed love's flame upon.
And you I know can still recall
The pledge at our first meeting,
That to you I was all in all,
Which set my heart wildly beating.

And you I know must still remember
The night you took and held my hand,—
A starlit night in sweet September,—
And placed thereon a golden band.
You praised my way and, as you kissed me,
Pictured to me a future bright,
While in your arms gently you pressed me,
Held me enthralled — filled with delight.

You said your love would live forever;
Yes, live forever and for aye.
That naught could ever part or sever;
That true love ne'er would fade away.
I listened to your speech, believing
Each word you let on my ears fall;
Ne'er dreaming you were just deceiving
To make my life bitter as gall.

MY GARDEN HEART

Pluck the weeds from my garden heart;
Leave naught but choice buds there,
Which only fragrance will lend
Like a perfume rich and rare.
Weed out the useless bitterness,
And in its place plant seeds
Of kind deeds and truthfulness,
And leave no room for weeds.

Pluck all ill-will from my garden heart,
And transplant it with deeds of love.
Let it bear blooms of forgetfulness,
The same as God's garden above.
Sow seeds of the flower of forgiveness,
That I forgive as I'd be forgiven;
That when I'm called above,
My soul will be fitted for Heaven.

Pluck from my garden heart
The weeds of scorn and deceit,
And place instead the bud of Charity,
To yield bounteous blossoms sweet;
Or a lily of snow-white purity,
Which winneth for all a crown.
Such flowers as these for security
Make it a garden of great renown.

Pluck from my garden heart
The weeds of lust and selfish pride,
That the tranquil blossom of Chastity
Will forever in it abide;
That when life ends and I depart,
And am naught but lifeless clay,
All to be found in my garden heart
Will be choice buds for memory's bouquet.

A WORM AT THE CORE

In the end you will see, if not before,
What I mean by the saying, "a worm at the core."
Nowadays you'll find it true, or I'll treat,
The most trusted friend just a bunch of deceit.
They are just like apples: you find them galore,
Sound to all appearance, but a worm at the core.
They are nice to your face if with you they meet,
Tho' when you are absent they show their deceit.
It seems natural for them vile gossip to pore,
And for this reason I say there's a worm at the core.
Often you trust and cherish one as a true friend
Who will prove themselves naught but a snake in the
end.
So, in choosing a friend, this advice ponder o'er:
To find one good and true will prove quite a chore.
So many like apples, as I have told you before,
They appear perfect and yet have a worm at the core.
And the ones closest to you,—perhaps the next door,—
You will most likely find has a worm at the core.

A BOY WHAT'S PLENTY OLD ENOUGH

Gee whiz! I tell you it is tuff
For a boy what's plenty old enuff
To know his mind, then have some one
Always saying what must be done,
Or else what he must not do;
It's ten times better to skidoo.
Everything you do they will assail,
Can't even tie a can to Rover's tail;
But I bet when I'm grown,
And have some boys of my own,
I'll jist look back on this day;
And let the kidlets have their way.
Yesterday I was left alone,
Every one else to town had gone,
An' I was lonesome as could be —
No one to talk er play with me.
So I wandered about, an' then
I went to look at the last set hen.
An' loneliness I guess is what
Put into my head the thought
'Twould be a joke the eggs to take,
An' put in gourd eggs — they won't break.
An' then I took out every one —
Broke them throwing at a stone.
I went in the house when I was thro',
Time by Pa's watch was ten to two.
I chanced to let it slip an' fall,
An' then it wouldn't go at all.

So then of course I undertook
To open it and have a look,
An' gee! I was awful sore —
The works went rolling on the floor.
I picked 'em up to put 'em back,
An' then I heard the crystal crack.
I hung it back upon the wall,
But still it wouldn't run at all.
An' while looking about 'twas then 'at I
Came on a nice baked custard pie.
I only dipped the filling out —
Gee! I don't see what Ma raved about.

I laid it all to loneliness,
But Dad had different views, I guess,
For he took down the razor strap
An' made me lay across his lap,
Then started in to lather me,
When I for spite bit his knee.
'Twas done that I revenge might get,—
But gee! I'm careful how I set.

YOUR FOOTSTEP AT THE DOOR

Oft at nightfall I am weary,
And o'er cares I oftentimes con,
When my future seems so dreary,
As I sit sad and alone.
And if any wish is granted,
There is naught could please me more
Or make my being more enchanted
Than your footstep at the door.

How the sound will fill my being
With a joy akin to bliss,
Growing eager without seeing
For the cherished loving kiss.
Just to hear your step will banish
All the gloom I've felt before;
And the darkness soon will vanish
With your footstep at the door.

Though my life's sands fast are running,
As the years past swiftly by,
No greater pleasure can be coming,
None that I so much for sigh.
Naught will bring so much of gladness
When my heart is tried and sore;
Nothing will relieve the sadness
Like your footstep at the door.

CHILDHOOD DAYS

Dreaming of your childhood days,
Living o'er the past again,
Flickering shadows come and stay,
Cast reflections on the brain.
Days when you were just a boy,
Dodging lessons taught at school,
Heart a-beating, wild with joy
At a visit to the pool —

Where aside your clothes you'd cast,
Ready for a plunge or swim,
Braving what would come at last
From your father, stern and grim;
When he'd place you across his lap,
As he had often done before,
Warm you with the leather strap
Taken from the wood-shed door.

So much more fun than at school,—
Plunging, diving, swimming 'bout,—
At last emerging from the pool;
In haste don clothing, wrong side out.
Ma, perhaps the first to spy it,—
Gave the knowing wink to Pap,
Who would then at once supply it
A full dose of the leather strap.

WHEN DEATH CLAIMS ONE AS A TOKEN

While gazing on the lifeless clay
Of one who has been claimed by death,
They're called, we know, from earth away,—
No heart throb and no breath.
They greet us not with brightening eye,
Nor clasp again our hand;
At their demise we can but sigh,
And fail to understand.

Why God above, so great and good,
Should bear the soul away,—
The friends who loved left in a mood
Of lonely, sad dismay,—
We cannot see through bitter tears
Why home ties should be broken,
Thus bringing anguish, grief, and fears,
When death claims one as a token.

WHY SHOULD I CARE?

The time has come that I no longer care
How widely far apart our paths may lie.
To term your friendship true I would not dare,
And neither at your absence will I sigh.
For time has proven what I long since have thought:
That your attentions only can be bought
Not with true love but with gems rare —
Since this I found is true, why should I care?

THIS LITTLE MESSAGE

Dear Ed,— This little message,
The last I send to Butte,
Until another place is known
Of course I must be mute.
The seven pretty cards you sent
From Billings came to-day —
I mention this that you will know
That I've not been away.
I prize them very highly,
Believe me, this is true:
They seem like tender messages
That come direct from you.
When idle for a moment
My thoughts are straightway straying,
Recalling strolls at Riverview
Where you and I went Maying.
And then, as if not sufficient,
Like grain fields that are waving
Come back the hours that we spent
At Courtland Beach a-bathing.
Now, dear, I could not say more
Were I to write a letter;
The substance of it all would be
I could not love you better.

SWEET TWILIGHT

After a day of toil and pain,
Filled to o'erflow with sorrow,
Sweet twilight visits us again
To rest us for the morrow.
We wander through some shady lane
While dusky night is wooing,
Forgetful of our toil and pain
While pleasure we're pursuing.
As twilight deepens into night,
Like some slow-dying ember,
We hasten home with hearts made light —
No cares do we remember.
Refreshed by rest, another day
Is ushered in at waking;
Our heart and mind both light and gay,
Prepared for toil painstaking.
But ere the twilight comes again.
The day seems dark and dreary;
Long seem the hours since we began
The tasks which make us weary.
In anticipation we should wait
For the sweet twilight hour,
Who like the lover at the gate
Will woo us from our bower.

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

There are memories of childhood
That my eyes with tears will fill:
As I wandered thro' the wildwood
Plucking flowers at my will,
Returning home I'd find my mother
Watching from the cottage door,
Ready any grief to smother
As I told my troubles o'er.
Oh! how sad and how bewailing,
When one day I heard them say
That my mother fast was failing,
That she soon must pass away.
Then I knew that she would never
Wait to greet me at the door,
As death the earthly tie would sever,
And I'd know her love no more.
You can find no love so pure,
Never find one half as true,
As unfaltering and sure,
As your mother's love for you.
Memory of her makes me lonely,
Makes my heart heavy and sad:
Since she's gone I know her only
As the one best friend I had.

PICTURES OF LONG AGO

Alone one night beside the hearth
An aged husband sat,
So still all seemed, no sound of mirth
Came o'er the threshold mat.
The children grown had gone away
And he was left alone,
His faithful wife a-sleeping lay
Beneath the marble stone.
His form was bent, his sight was dim,
So lonely and forlorn;
No voices echoed back to him
His own weak and careworn.
He, 'mid the flickering shadows, saw
Faces pass to and fro,
And could in imagination draw
Pictures of long ago,
When home had held the blushing bride
He had chosen for his own,
And children he beheld with pride,
Who like last year's birds had flown.
No longer did their voices ring
As from some hiding place
They'd flock about his chair to sing,
And await his fond embrace.
He falls asleep, and ere he wakes
He dreams of happiness, now fled;
His eyes grow dim, his heart nigh breaks,
When visions of the dead,

The true and faithful loving wife
Who sleeps on yonder hill,
Come to him as again in life
Her face in smiles wreathed still;
The same as of old to greet him,
The same sweet smile she wore,—
Just a spirit visit to him
Of his helpmate gone before.

NO ONE TO CARE

Life with its worry and care,
Filled with grief and regret,
Disappointment found everywhere,
Cheeks that are every day wet
With a hot scalding tear
Poured out in bitter despair,
Filling our hearts with fear,
Knowing there's no one to care.

Only a snub or a frown,
The best in life we get,
To help us try to drown
The sorrow with which we met.
Gone are the once called friends,
No longer with smiles they greet;
No more their laughter sends
Thrills of affection sweet.

WHEN LOVE HAS DIED

When love has died and but distress
Is caused by the once fond caress,
When no thrill comes in the tender kiss,
Then life seems but a black abyss.
No pain so sharp, no wound so deep,
As when the pulse no longer leaps
Or answers to the once loved call:—
Then must you know love's dead — that's all.

The shadows then your soul encloud
As though the somber funeral shroud
Were draped about your lifeless clay,
For all has died with love that day.
Sad, sad, the hour when love died,
No greater joy can be denied,
No greater bliss can fill the heart
Than true love dwelling there a part.

When love has died then will you know
The bitter pangs of grief and woe,
For when once true love is obtained
The highest mount in life is gained.
It lights the eye, and thrills the heart
With joy that naught else can impart;
With love, joy and hope in the heart abide,
But grief alone when love has died.

TWO WOMEN'S VIEWS

"What are your ambitions?" I asked one day
Of a lofty dame, in a casual way.
She tossed her head, and raised her brow,
Replied, "My greatest ambition now
Is to help the suffragists win their fight,
Be allowed to vote, and attain their right.
I'll ne'er cease to fight for the cause, and when
Women can vote the same as men,
I'll feel my efforts have not been vain,
For no higher ambition can women gain
Than to fight for the cause, and their rights attain."

I asked of another woman that day
What the greatest ambition of life that lay
Smoldering, ready to burst in flame.
Her steady gaze remained the same:
"My one ambition," she answered me,
"As has always been my wont, to see
That home, tho' not a palace, may be a place of joy
For husband to greet his wife and boy;
That he wanders not from his own fireside,
But makes of his home a joy and pride;—
And by this attained, I am satisfied."

GOSSIP AND TEA

Oh, those afternoon teas — what great places are they
For gossips to meet! and always “They say”
And never the gossip whose tattling that day,
For she begins always by saying “They say.”

Now don’t breathe a word of what I shall repeat,
But they say Mrs. Jeems, over on the next street,
Has gone into debt for this season’s clothes;
And though she’s a husband, they say, has other beaus.

What they say about her it grieves me so;
She’s an intimate friend of mine, you know,
And it makes me so angry to think that they
Will slander her in such an outlandish way.

And they say Nettie Briggs — now just think of that!—
Hasn’t paid for her last season’s hat.
She’s another new one, though they say that she
Got it through a friend at the new millinery.

They say our minister’s wife has told
That her husband’s love is growing cold.
They say the alto singer there
Pays more attention to him than she does to prayer.

They say that Burke has taken to drink,
Driven to it by his wife, they think.
They say she’s a regular two-faced cat,
To reduce her weight she’s using an anti-fat.

My! it's getting late and I must see
That the cloth at home is spread for tea.
Don't mention I ever said a word, for that you know
 would be absurd,
And anyhow, I never pay attention to anything they
 say.

Good afternoon, for I must go. Oh my! I most forgot
 to tell
What they say about Simpkin's daughter Nell.
You know, in a princess gown she's quite a pretty
 figure,
But they say when her pads are off she's nothing but a
 sliver.

TEMPTATIONS

Across the path of each in life
 We find temptations thickly strewed;
Not one escapes the snares and strife
 Each day to us is proved.
Why should we turn away when one
 Has erred by fate's decree?
Temptation ne'er has preference shown—
 It may o'ertake thee or me.
So boast not at another's fall,
 But uplift if you can.
Charity shown, however small,
 Will tend to elevate the man.

JOY IN THE HOUSE THIS MORNING

There is joy in the house this morning:

The stork brought a baby last night.

"Be quiet!" is the nurse's warning,

While Papa seems filled with delight.

But I just can't tell to save me

Why some's never satisfied;

For four years I've been the baby

And Mamma called me "her pride."

When nurse called me this morning

To come see my new brother dear,

I laughed so I could not heed the warning,

For he looked so wrinkled and queer.

When I touched his cheek with my finger

He right away started to cry,

And nurse said, "Now go away, don't linger —

Are you trying to put out his eye?"

I think the stork should know better:

He's all wrinkled up, and so red.

Nurse says, "Of course he don't know a letter,"

And he has to be holded and fed.

Why didn't the stork bring one older,

And big, like my Cousin Ned,

That could carry me round on his shoulder

Or give me a ride on my sled?

FLOWERS IN LIFE'S SAD HOURS

Leave not your offering of flowers
Till lips are mute and eyelids closed:
Give sunshine while God grants thee powers,
In life's sad hour have your gifts bestowed.

For when a friend is lifeless clay
And to all deeds the senses dumb,
What need of blossoms then to lay? —
The eye cannot see from whence they come.

They may in some dark hours of life
Shed light and perfume in the way,
Disperse the gloom and lessen strife,
And brighten up a cloudy day.

Ofttimes we find a day so dark, so drear,
A hollow mockery of life.
A blossom then would help to cheer
And rend the gloom that seems so rife.

So scatter flowers in the path
Of burdened friends while living,
That they may know other than wrath,
Through our kind acts of giving.

I IS MAMMA'S DEAR

Two little arms my neck entwine,
Two little eyes look into mine,
Two little lips to my own press,
Baby's way in a fond caress,
Lips and says, "I is Mamma's dear,"
As her golden curls brush past my ear.

I play with her, as the saying goes —
Two little cheeks and one little nose,
One little brow and one little chin,
One rosebud mouth to laugh and sing,
Two little feet to make a noise
In chasing kitty or gathering toys.

I pause to think of the loneliness
My heart would feel could I not caress
This dimpled darling baby of mine
Who makes my life one of joy sublime,
And not feel her curls touch my ear
As her baby lips lisp "I is Mamma's dear."

THE SUN IS NOW SHINING

Just now the sun is a-shining,
And scattering the clouds of to-day;
My heart has ceased its repining,
My spirits now feel light and gay.
For gloom hung about me so thickly
That the day seemed darker than night,
But vanished the shadow so quickly
As the first ray of sun rendered light.

How a tiny ray of the sunshine
Can cheer and disperse the gloom!
The same as its presence in springtime
Brings forth sleeping flowers to bloom.
The light of the sun has the power
To open the closed buds apart,
And during our saddest dark hour
Penetrate and enlighten the heart.

WE HAVE MET AND HAVE PARTED

We have met, we have loved, and have parted,
And far, far apart we now roam,
Looking back on our life broken-hearted,
Basking no longer in joy 'neath love's dome.

We have met, we have loved, and have parted,
And mingled with new-made friends,
Though seemingly gay and light-hearted,
A wound deep no pleasure e'er mends.

We have met, we have loved, and have parted,
And would fain have ourselves believe
That no grief lingers though we have parted,
Though God above we cannot deceive.

We have met, we have loved, and have parted,
And I wonder now should we meet,
Would we falsely appear light-hearted,
Drawing close about us the cloak of deceit?

CHRISTMAS DAY

Three little children very poor,—
No clothes, no food, no fire,—
Were huddled near a toy-store door,
Each with childlike desire
To have some presents for their own,
That like others they might play,
But knew that for them would be none
The coming Christmas Day.

The elder of the three then said,
“Oh, sister, could it be
That God in pity, since Pa’s dead,
Will send a Christmas tree?
They say for children rich or poor
His love was pure and sweet.
Neither gold nor gems could lure
This all-wise God discreet.

“And those who ask of him in prayer
His blessings would receive,
And that his angel servants there
Would joy and gladness give.
We’ll ask of him to send a tree
This coming Christmas Eve,
And show by earnest prayer that we
In His great love believe.”

Then ere they laid them down that night
On their pallet beds of straw,
Of Heaven they had a vision bright,
The greatest they ever saw.

They prayed to God, the children's friend,
With hearts in anticipation light,
And begged of him some joy to send
To them this Christmas night.

Their supplication had been made,
They laid them down to rest,
Their little hearts were sore afraid
With a misgiving lest
Their humble prayer had not been heard,—
So many may be sent
That their poor humble words
Would on the air be spent.

But when they woke on Christmas morn
And scrambled from their bed,
All doubt had from their hearts been torn;
Great joy filled them instead.
For never did their eyes behold
Such presents for their own,
Each with a Santa tag which told
That which each might call his own.

Such food and clothes and playthings too,
By angels of God given,
Showed those poor children that 'twere true
Their prayer reached God in heaven.
And that night, as they went to bed,
Each little heart beat light;
Knelt again in prayer to God and said,
"We thank you for this Christmas bright."

LIFE'S PAST HISTORY

A bit of my past life's history, you say?

Yes, if it will please you, marm:

I was a promising chap one day,

With affection for home as warm,

And parents that worshiped me, bless them!

A joy to them then was I,

But when they died, and left me, then

Down to destruction went I.

With such an angel mother, marm,

I should be ashamed to tell

How when I lost her protecting arm

To temptation I yielded and fell.

Had I taken after my father,

Such a splendid type was he,

That your door I'd never bother,

But I'd be the man that I should be.

Not the grogshops of which you are speaking

That first put me to the bad,

But the women that daily are seeking

To turn the head of an innocent lad.

With them I squandered my money,

Lost self-respect and honor as well,

And found that life was no longer sunny,

But a cruel and living hell.

No, I'm not asking pity of you,

And you asked me my story to tell,

But to tell it once in a while, as I do,

Seems to some of my fear dispell.

Well I must be up and goin'
And continue my life's weary way,
And thanks for the kindness you've shown
Toward one who threw life's chances away.
I am not fit to eat your bread, lady,
And should not have stepped inside your gate,
But my story may help save your baby
From meeting with just such a fate.
To me they pictured only the good side;
Of the bad they never did tell,
And it helped to send one mother's pride
On the downward road to hell.

A LONE STAR

I'm just a star shining high
Above up in the skies,
Tho' you do not know my mission,
As you gaze with open eyes.
While you look you have no inkling
Why I shine alone at night,—
Just one lone star bright and twinkling
Sending tiny rays of light.

I am sent by Him to guide you and
To light for all the way,
Guiding the belated travelers
So they do not lose their way
As they wander, never dreaming
Why it is I lend them light,
Never thinking that my gleaming
Is to guide their steps aright.

FOLLIES OF YOUTH

Sometimes we strive to banish
And erase from life's page,
And from memory's picture banish,
E'en tho' the deed of tender age,
That which as we've older grown
Stands out black, bold, and forsooth,
Cannot bear to have it known —
These past follies of our youth.

Oh, how many lives thus hiding
From the unjust public's gaze
Follies in which they were abiding
In youth's happy sunny days
Wake from dreams to find while sleeping
The veil had been rent apart,
And the secrets they were keeping
Cast about like bits of art.

Many friendships have been broken,
Many hearts been made to break,
By some thoughtless word that's spoken
As old memories now awake.
If you have some folly hidden
That you'd not have all to know,
Guard your lips that words unbidden
Will not some friends past follies show.

TRYING TO BLOT OUT THE PAST

You ask what my life has been,—
Well, it would be hard to explain,
For much of misery I have seen,
And such as would cause deep pain.
The first of sorrow I tasted,
I was only a little child then,
From then on my life was wasted,
Yes, and just at the age of ten.

Quite true, I was young at starting,
But wait till my story you hear:
'Twas death which caused the parting
With I and my mother dear.
My father had gone and left her,
When I was but a tiny lad.
Dead, you ask, is she? Why, yes sir,—
The answer for why I went bad.

She worked so hard, I remember,
Earning money for fuel and food.
T'was in the month of December,
That she took to her bed for good.
For a week she fought the fever,
Until her strength was spent.
Never thinking life would leave her,
Till the death summons had been sent.

Mother dead and a waif was I,
My father was worse than dead,
And I without the price to buy
For myself a crust of bread.

As I walked along a-thinking
Where I should sleep that night,
Two older boys who'd been drinking
Offered me prospects bright:—

If I would crawl through a transom
And enter an old miser's shop,
For the trouble they'd pay me handsome,
Shining gold in my hand they'd drop.
I thought 'twould be a huge joke
To enter and get the gold,
And hear of the anger when he awoke,
The miser so greedy and old.

They helped me to gain an entrance,
And coached me as what to do
Should he awake or by any chance
Discover me crawling through.
I saw by dim light he was sleeping,
And stealthily crept to his bed;
They said his habit was keeping
The money somewhere in the bed.

The bag containing the money I grabbed,
And made my escape with ease.
The two outside the treasure nabbed,
Gave me one shining large gold piece.
It was by getting it changed and doing so made
It plain that I was the thief.
All the while in custody I prayed
That I be spared the brand of a thief.

From the reformatory where I was sent
And served my given time,
Each place knew my story before I went;
I was shunned for the guilt of crime.
And everything was laid at my door,
Suspicious glances were cast,
And that's why I'm wretched, heartsick and sore,
In trying to blot out the past.

PART AND END IT ALL

Oh, sad and gloomy day
On which my inspirations died!
The one sweet dream which lay
Snug in my inmost heart deified,
By love's relentless fate to be
But pain and misery for me.

A dream of bliss thus rudely broken,
In place of balm, harsh words spoken.
No sheltering arm is offered me,
No longer lovelit eyes I see.
The veil at last is put aside,
No more for me doth love abide.

Though yet I fain would turn away,
Why need for me to longer stay?
Why seek for what I am denied?
Why further injure wounded pride?
When no love words you e'er hear fall,
'Tis best to part and end it all.

DECORATION DAY

We decorate with flag and wreath
The graves of those who fought
Where life's blood flowed in quest of peace,
Where death sad havoc wrought.
And thus on Decoration Day
Above each mound we place
A flag and wreath — tribute to pay
To memory time can ne'er erase.

We turn the history's pages o'er
Of battles where our dead
Were sought after the cannons' roar,
Borne away with silent tread
By comrades who escaped death
Amidst the rain of shell,
And listened to each fleeting breath
Breathing a last farewell.

To-day we weep upon the graves
Of heroes brave who fell
Fighting the Stars and Stripes to save,
Mowed down by shot and shell.
They fought in bloody battles too,
Saved their country's Stripes and Stars,
The brave ones in the Union blue,
The ones left bearing scars.

Surely to-day we need not mourn
For the ones who fought and fell:
They gave their life and victory won,
Could their mute lips but tell.

'Tis only just that God should show
His love and tender care —
To the boys in blue His goodness show,
As they answer roll-call there.

THE LOVER'S FAREWELL

As we turn back memory's pages,
Scanning each one o'er and o'er,
Many filled with recollections
Of the happy days of yore,

When the heart was held a captive
By love's sweet, enchanting spell,
Then a shadow comes to mar it
And the eyes a moment dwell.

It recalls the days of basking
In love's magic, mystic spell,
Recalls the first real pang of sorrow
When you bade to love farewell.

Then a lingering retrospection
Of how in love you did revel,
Laying bare the heart's sweet secrets,
Thinking naught of a farewell.

When it came 'twas your undoing,
Time nor scene can ne'er dispel
The heartache cause by parting
And the lover's farewell.

HEART OF MINE

Dear heart of mine, lie still;
Beat not so loudly at the sound
Of voice or footsteps — not until
My standing I have found.
I gave in love my heart, my all,
With nothing in return,
Which made my cup bitter as gall,
My heart for love to yearn.

And now I find myself alone
As far as love's concerned.
'Tis only kept for gain is shown —
No spark of love returned;
Not even time which to bestow
To make my sad heart glad,
But abuse and neglect to show
How vain the hopes I had.

STRENGTH FOR THE DAY

Give me, O Lord, strength for the day
To bear this cross of mine;
And kindle and infuse my heart
With joy and light sublime;
And teach my lips a prayer to say
In praise of Thee divine.

Give me, O Lord, strength for to bear
The burdens on me laid,
When life is filled with fear and care,
My soul sad and dismayed.

Teach me to murmur earnest prayer,
That my trust in Thee be stayed.

Give me, O Lord, strength for the hour
When I answer to the call,
That for devotion and will power
No darkness will befall;
That Your love in life's closing hour
Will be my all in all.

BEAUTIFUL GROVE OF DREAMS

In fancy I wandered until I came
To the beautiful grove of dreams,
Where at love a heart never loses a game,
And no pledges are left to redeem.
In the valley of contentment, where true love
reigns,
Where the soft rays of love-light gleam,
I had found it to be a border, you see,
For the beautiful grove of dreams.

In the grove of dreams I passed to and fro,
And found there that hearts never break,
But beat time to love's song, as they go
Joyously on for love's sake.
I found neither sorrow nor hearts oppressed;
Unknown was sadness, it seems;
With love and devotion each one seemed blessed,
In the beautiful grove of dreams.

AN IDEAL

Once in life we find an ideal
Such as hereto ne'er was known,
Which may give the first real
Pleasure of which we could ever own.
Then again may cause a sadness
Lingering with us all through life,
Verging us almost to madness
For remaining years of life.

For when once love has ensnared thee,
Joy or grief is sure to reign.
If it's grief, the wound will give thee
Agony with stinging pain.
Only love can cure heartaches,
Bring content and joy to you.
Tho' love is not exempt from mistakes,
So be careful of what you do.

MY HEART'S FIRST LOVE

I gave to you my heart's first love,
Like a blossom pure and fair,
Tho' you in doubt have ceased to love,
Which fills me with despair.
The close-shut leaves were rent apart
To read my inmost heart,
And tho' it bloomed alone for you,
You crushed the bleeding heart.

And, trampled now beneath your feet,
Like poison cast aside,
No longer does it blossom sweet
Since your love is denied.

While gazing on the fragments there,
Just pause a while and think
How oftentimes while in despair
From its depth you did drink.
Can not old love again renew
The almost extinguished fire,
And kindle in your breast for you
Thoughts free from jealous ire?
Oh, loved one! pause a while and feel
This heart's blood warmly beat,
As through the old-time channels steal
Ere it had known defeat.

I, thro' my deep and blinded love,
This favor of you ask;
For to give up an only love
I find a gruesome task.
Take back the heart I gave to you,
Tear it apart and see
If you can find a single beat
To anyone but thee.
You shall find deep hidden there
A love that's pure and true,
Which for no other has a care,
But beats alone for you.

A MOTHER'S LOVE

Oh, for a return of my childhood days,
When I knew not a care!—
With mother always near at hand
To kiss away despair.
Those times are past and mother's gone,
For her I sigh in vain:
No hand to press my throbbing brow,
Or to allay the pain.

Those sweet smiles that she gave me
Are stamped on my memory plain,
And sometimes in my dreams I feel
Her sweet lips once again.
She used to cheer me with her love,
And hear my prayer at night,
'Twas mother who would shield me
And make my errors right.

No more gentle love than mother's
Was ever spent on me,
And that is why I cherish
Her name so tenderly.
A mother's always ready
To forgive a wrong you do,
Tho' the whole world frowns upon you,
She's ever stanch and true.

How ofttimes we neglect her,
This true and trusted friend,
Tho' let troubles overtake you, she'll
Stay by you to the end.

No love so pure and noble that you
May ever claim,
Be it sweetheart or lover, it would
Never bear the strain.

So let us, while we have her yet,
Try to smooth her way,
For some day gentle mother
Will be called from us away.
And when too late to right the wrongs
We'll sigh with deep regret,
And shed tears in her memory
When of her we are bereft.

LOVE ON THE REBOUND

Years of life with no sunshine
To gladden the weary heart,
Never finding true love, in lifetime,
Nor the pierce of Cupid's dart,—
But, all unsought for, it grasped you,
And held you ensnared as its prey,
Though you found in it much sorrow
Like shadows across your way.

For when, by its cunning way captured,
So as not to forget if you wish,
You find yourself so enraptured
With the warm breath felt in a kiss,—
Then, just as you feel inspired,
And trust all to the love you have found,
You grow faint at heart and so tired
As your love returns on the rebound.

THE MENDED DRESS

A mother, tired from work, one day
Gazed from her window across the way
To the home of a rich society dame,
And as out from the doorway came
A child dressed richly in silk and lace,
In a limousine she took her place;
Ready was she for her daily ride,
With nurse and footman at her side.

Her eyes filled with tears as she saw whirl
The limousine and the rich folks' girl,
For she sadly thought of her little one,
With nothing but mended garments on.
A prayer she breathed deep in her heart;
Scalding tears caused her eyes to smart,
As she pondered o'er and rightly guessed
How her own child would be if so daintily dressed.

Again from the window, a week from the day
She watched the limousine whirl away,
She saw drive up in its place instead
A little white hearse: the child was dead.
Again she peered through tear-blind eyes
At the mended garments she did despise,
Then gathered her child in a fond caress,
Not noticing now the mended dress.

CALLING ME HOME ON HIGH

Like the sweet rose blooming and fading
After its time had been spent,
I saw my darling fading,
For God's angel had been sent.
Her waxen face on the pillow,
While her smiling eyes sought mine —
She was being borne away on the billow,
Called on by a Voice divine.

She was entering the heavenly portal,
Leaving me sad and forlorn,
An aged and heartsick mortal,
Bent by the heavy burdens borne.
I looked at my only child lying
Embraced in the arms of death,—
Grim, cruel death so defying,—
Waiting her last drawn breath.

A smile on her sweet face told me
That, resigned and without fear,
She was taking her leaving of me,
To be one of God's angels dear.
She smiled and her sweet lips parted,
Saying "Mamma, you must not cry:
The gates of Heaven have parted —
God is calling me home on high."

TWO THINGS THAT YOU MUST LEARN

Come right here, you black dummy!

Tell me now, what sense dere is

For you bein' sich a rummy —

Hain't got nary eye for biz.

Here I done work all day long, sir,

Washin' clear up in de night,

Den you tote home a green melon,—

Lan' sakes, chile, you'se a fright!

Now I bet I wa'ms you, honey,—

Wait I gets mahself a switch,

And I splainifies it, sonny,

Den you'll know which am which.

Now, you rascal, you best be goin'

Right away now up de stairs

No mercy for you I'll be showin';

Better now jist say your prayers.

Jist now think! you go a-stealin'

Melons — why not even pink!

When I'se got that hungry feelin'.

You'se not so ignorant for to think

Dat I'll not try to larn you bettah,—

Why I'se ashame' that you'se mah son!—

And make it plain as any lettah

How to pick a good ripe one.

Dere's two things you must be learnin'

Foh to be a shinin' light;

All de vital points concernin'

Dat if eber after night

You should want to fetch a melon
From some overcrowded patch,
Let de one you take, you villain,
Be de best one of de batch!

TO RICHARD

Tell me, dear, with thy brown eyes,
What for you in the future lies?
Now you darling, sweet and coy,
Mamma's pride and Papa's boy,
Grandmother's pet as we all know,—
Who on thee love will bestow?
You now enjoy the best in life,
Knowing neither care nor strife;
Let us hope for you the future may
Not let your footsteps stray;
That He who watches o'er His own
Will kindly guide you safely on;
That when to manhood you have grown,
Good only of you will be known.
You, my darling, here have come
To be the sunshine in a home.
So as you journey on in life's highway,
Scatter kindness every day,
That parents and grandmother, too,
In later years find joy in you.
As added years you will attain,
Let each be free from blot or stain.

MY LOVED ONE, YOU AND I

We met for the first time, yesterday,
My loved one, you and I,—
And joy I knew would last but for a day,
Though yet I did not cry.
My life had empty been until you came
To fill with joy the hours brief,
And when your lips bespoke my name,
It gave my pent-up heart relief.

And, dear, to-day we parted,
My beloved, you and I,—
I knew it would leave me broken-hearted,
Yet brave hearts never die.
I never knew, before we met, the pleasure
Of loving lips to meet mine own;
I know full well the greatest treasure
Is loving one who lives for you alone.

I wonder now if we two ever meet,
My dear one, you and I,—
Will then to you come memories sweet,
And too recall the day gone by?
And will your eyes seek mine to greet
With love unchanged and true?
Or cast a glance bespeaking my defeat
At gaining love from you?

SOME DAY

Some day you'll miss my fond caress
And think of bygone days;
Some day your heart will know distress,
When no longer will blaze
The prize you thought a jewel rare
When I was cast aside;
You'll find it proved false and not fair,
And wounded deep your pride.

Some day you'll pause a while and think
Of how I vainly sought;
Some day you'll wake and find the drink
To be a bitter draught;
When the one you spent your love upon
Proves herself unworthy too,
You'll dread to see the coming dawn
Usher in the day for you.

Some day you will, through scalding tears,
Look on memory's page;
Some day a voice will banish fears
Which seemed dead for an age.
You'll wake to find the faithful one
Standing by your side,
Willing to forgive all you have done,—
The one you cast aside.

OUR TIME SOON WILL COME

Well, wife, I now begin to think
That our time soon will come.
We're daily drawing near the brink
Of the great Celestial Home.
For more than fifty years
We've enjoyed the blessings given;
Our eyes have felt the scalding tears
While raised in prayer to Heaven.

And you recall the same as I
When our first babe was taken.
Death's angel we could not defy,
With grief our hearts nigh breaking.
'Twas then our faith stronger grew
And made us firm believers,
As we from all things worldly drew,
Thus shunning false deceivers.

I sometimes think I hear its voice
A-calling from above,—
It makes my poor old heart rejoice,
It seems so filled with love.
Somehow I never seem to mind
The journey I must take:
I know that great joy I will find,
Just for our baby's sake.

It may sound selfish to you, wife,
Though oftentimes I pray
That we together leave this life
And through the Valley stray.

I often think of the great joy
If together, hand in hand,
We could go and meet our baby boy
In yonder Heavenly Land.

MEMORIAM

Gently sleep now, friend and brother,
Rest undisturbed within thy grave,
Though 'tis hard our grief to smother
Since you answered summons brave.
We shall miss your smiles and laughter,
That which proved a joy to hear,
Though 'twill greet us coming after,
Whether time be far or near.

Then to know resigned and patient
Through the years thy cross you bore,
Ne'er complaining or impatient,
Often though heartsick and sore,
And thro' resignation gaining
Entrance to the heavenly goal,
Only fond hopes entertaining
Of rest for thy weary soul.

Yet we know that thou art sleeping
In the long and lasting sleep,
And that God above is keeping
Vigil o'er thy slumbers deep.
Still we mourn thy loss and sorrow,
Since only in memory to us left,
Knowing that when dawns the morrow
Of a loved one we're bereft.

MY LITTLE COLLEEN

One day I was lonely and filled wid dismay,
And I said to meself, "Go on, Paddy Shay,
You're pining for Nora, far, far away —
Shure you should be sindin' a letter."
So I took up me pen and started to write,
And the act of so doing filled me so wid delight
That I couldn't stay 'wake for shleepin' that night
For the sweet things I said in the letter.

Of pages I wrote either nine or fifteen,
All filled wid love for my little colleen,
And my thoughts made up for the difference between,
And I fancied meself feelin' better.
I told her meself would be filled wid joy
If she'd only write and say I still was the boy;
That she had no love for Mickey Malloy,
And to try steal a kiss he'd know better.

You know ould Ireland 's so far away,
It's too far to walk or I'd lave right away;
Could I go parcel post, shure I'd start to-day,
Meself shure, instead of this letter.
'Tis yourself alone that of my heart is the queen,
Shure you are the sweetest Irish colleen;
My thoughts are of you, and the shamrock green,
All the while that I'm writing this letter.

And now, Nora darlint, to yourself will I say:
"I talk of you at night, and think of you by day,
But I can't stay awake to tell what in my sleep I do say,
Tho' 'tis sweeter than what's in this letter.

So, Nora, don't t'ase for my heart it will break,
I'd be willing to hang if the rope'd only break,—
All this I would do, and more for your sake;
Darlint, sind me a kiss in your letter."

POOR NEGLECTED FATHER

In writing prose or rhyming verse,
There are few that seem to bother
Or go a step out of the way
To say a word for father.
Who is it toils day in day, out,
From one week to another,
Then hands the hard-earned wages
To the poet's pride, the mother?
Who is it walks the floor at night,
The baby's cry to smother?—
While snug in bed is lying there
The crying infant's mother.
Nine times out of ten you'll find,
Without going any farther,
The morning meal has been prepared
By the hard-working father.
So don't be selfish with your praise:
You'll find it a good plan
To cheer alike with tongue or pen
The poor neglected man.
In writing verse you'll find, I know,
'Twill be no special bother
To mingle in your verse of praise
A cheering word for father.

HIDDEN KEEPSAKES

Away in an unused garret,
Hidden for years from sight,
Trinkets of those departed
Brought once again to light.
There in the small chest yonder,
What will the mind recall
As o'er the contents we ponder?—
Cap, mittens, knife, skates, and ball.

Trinkets of brown-haired Willie,
Whose childish prattle was stilled
Just as he budded in childhood,
Touched by Death's frost that killed.
Sobs from a heart that is breaking
As we pause a moment to look,
Finding prints of his chubby fingers
On a page of his story-book.

Then as we turn, our eyes blinded
With tears o'er what we have seen,
Turn to the small chest beside it
Holding keepsakes of Baby Irene,
Who, just as she started to toddle,
And lisp in her baby way,
As a blossom was plucked by an angel
And borne to Heaven one day.

We linger in tears o'er the keepsakes
Of the little ones called away,
Recalling the many pleasures
Given us in their short stay.

They were flowers from God's garden
Given us for a short while,
And to guide our steps to Heaven
By their winning baby smile.

BABY'S BEDTIME

As the evening shadows gather,
Baby's bedtime drawing near,
And the mother bending o'er it
Kisses from the cheek a tear,
Telling baby how the angels
Watch o'er its crib at night,
Keeping it from all danger
Until early morning's light.
Say your prayers now, baby darling,—
"Now I lay me down to sleep,"
And the roguish baby utters,
"Pray the Lord my soul to teep."
Mamma stoops to kiss her darling,
Plants a kiss on each soft cheek,
And the baby's lips now utter,
"Now me do'en fast as'eep."
Darkness of the night yet lingered
Ere the Angel Death had called,
And the bud of a rare flower
In God's garden was installed:—
Just a way God had to lead them
In the narrow path of light,
Trusting that the baby prattle
Above all would guide them right.

I NEVER CAN LEARN TO FORGET

I will try to forget that I met you,
And think not of what kindled the flame,
Knowing well that our parting will please you,
Convinced by the way which you blame.
As you think of our parting, don't think, dear,
That I left you with no regret,
For the bitterness comes with the fear
That I never can learn to forget.

You may meet and mingle with many
That for time being will satisfy.
Amongst them you will not find any
That will love you truer than I.
Through love I've been shown the folly
And taught the saddest lesson of life.
When love is abused as a jolly
Your future then holds only strife.

THIS EASTERTIDE

This Eastertide again recalls
The story of our Lord,
Who suffered death upon the cross
To save a wicked world —
The cross he bore so patiently,
Made heavy by our sins.
Let us atone this Eastertide
By humble offerings.

O blessed Virgin Mother, how
Thy tender heart was tried
To meet thy Son who bore the cross
On which He later died!
The load too great for him to bear,
For the third time he falls,
Robbed of his garments—mocked at,
And for drink is given gall.

O Christ! only begotten Son,
Who died to save the world,
Thy brow was pierced with thorns
And bruised by stones they hurled.
And when upon the cross He died
To darkness turned the day,
Bathed in His Mother's tears, the form
Of Christ our Saviour lay.

And in a visit to the tomb
Where his body had been laid,
The Virgin found her Son had risen
Triumphant from the grave.
So let us now this Eastertime
Sing praises to our King,
Let all rejoicing souls unite,
And loud hosannas sing.

GOD'S FLOWERS

God trusts to some a gift so rare,
Value too great to name.
Neither gold nor gems can compare,
The value is greater than fame.
Just a wee little bit of a baby dear,
Sent sometimes just for a while,—
Laughter and tears mingled with fear
Lest we miss just one sweet smile.

Such a tiny mite of a being that we
Can scarcely comprehend
Why the wisdom of God allows that He
Should to us such a treasure send.
God guards these buds of flowers rare
From blight and earthly doom:
When we fail to give them tender care
He calls them home to bloom.

SHADOWS

The shadows that oftentimes fall across
Our daily walks of life
Too often make us find but dross,
Troubles, discontent, and strife.
We oftentimes blindly in our haste
Tear close-shut buds apart;
Of God's aim we make but waste,
Bringing sorrow to our heart.

If with success we chance to meet,
Why do we through greed plan
And gain by measures indiscreet
The rung above our brother-man?
God's aim is that each one shall live;
Why then should not we try
A show to the less fortunate give,
And thoughts of greed defy?

IN PEACEFUL REST SUBLIME

O death! why rob us of our friends,
And sever the home ties?
Why make us in deep sorrow bend
Who know not when one dies
Why they are called to yonder lands
While yet in sweet life's prime?
We shrink at touching the cold hands
Folded in peaceful rest sublime.

Why do you send the killing frost
That robs of bud and flower,
Which leaves us with a heavy cross
To bear through life's sad hour?
When you, O death! have called away
From homes their dearest treasure,
You leave no condolence for to stay
Their grief of deepest measure.

THAT NEW SWEETHEART OF MINE

As I sit alone reflecting
On life as a merry rhyme,
Barring none of many pleasures
Crowded in my life's short time,
Suddenly my heart's wild beating
Excludes all memories of time,
And my thoughts are lost completely
To that new sweetheart of mine.

And while thus I'm lost to musing,
All my fancy turns to him.
Not a truant thought supplants it,
Not a thought of Tom or Jim.
But my brain is sort of reeling
As by rich and sparkling wine,
When I hear the sound of footsteps
Of that new sweetheart of mine.

My heart is overflowing
With the future joys of life,
For he has vowed to make of me
A cherished happy wife.
And since our troth is plighted
All past follies I resign,
To be a loving helpmate to
That new sweetheart of mine.

I've planned a cosy little home,
With room enough for two —
A little den in which to dream,
And our courtship days review;
With roses at the window
Through which the sun will shine
To shed light along with perfume
For that new sweetheart of mine.

FAREWELL, DEAR ONE

I am leaving you, dear one, forever,
And shall seek not your presence again,
For the love I must now try to sever,
Since I find it wholly in vain.
It was meeting with you and loving
You far too well, as you know —
I find my heart crushed, thus proving
The force of rebounded love's blow.

The time will take long to forget thee,
For many remembrances will creep
Recalling past joys; and there will be
Furrows burnt by hot tears on my cheek.
For never before I met with you
Had I tasted the sweetness of love;
But the bliss of my loving was new
And sweet as the coo of a dove.

GOOD NIGHT, MAMMA

“Run away now, little darling;
Get your doll and toys and play.
Don’t you see that Mamma’s busy
Making baby’s dress to-day?”

But she did not seem to heed me;
Looked to me and softly said:
“Mamma, won’t you hold your baby?”
As she pressed her curly head.

“’Tause I dis don’t feel like playing;
Won’t you sing a song for me?”
Laid aside my work and took her,
But there was no childish glee.

In her eyes I saw a strange light
That I’d never seen before;
And she kissed me, saying, “Good night;
P’ease now, Mamma, sing some more.”

As my hand passed o’er her forehead,
Pushing back her curly hair,
I could feel a burning fever, and
My heart filled with despair.

Then I knew my babe was ailing,
But how little did I think
That without the slightest warning
She was on death’s river’s brink.

As we watched her in the fever,
Prayed for her throughout the night,
Hoping that the Lord would leave her,
And not our home with sorrow blight.

As the morning light was breaking,
Then she turned her little head.
Said, "Good night, Papa; good night, Mamma;
Sing some more,"— then she was dead.

LEAVE ME NOT ALONE

We soon must say again farewell,
And each our paths pursue;
My grief no words can tell
When I must part from you.

The day seems dark and cold to me,
As though the sun ne'er shone.
My heart's message to thee is:
Leave me not alone.

I find my thoughts transfixed to thee,
Sweet memory brings you near;
While visions of your face I see,
Dimmed only by a tear.

My life, my hope, thou seem'st to be,
The only joy I've known.
I cannot help but plead with thee
To leave me not alone.

SCATTER SUNSHINE ON EVERY SIDE

Each life must know a sorrow
Many times mingled with pain.
No need of troubles to borrow:
Strive for peace and contentment to gain.
For over each one in a lifetime
Some shadow is sure to fall;
No life boasts only of joy sublime,
And escapes the dark, dark pall.

With sorrow the heart may be breaking,
As you linger about and weep.
And grief all you find not forsaking,
As you mourn for one in the last sleep.
To-day may be bright and the morrow
May hold naught but deepest gloom,
And your heart will be filled with sorrow
As the loved one is laid in the tomb.

Seek only for joy and gladness,
For sorrow will enter uncalled;
And bow your heart with sadness,
And with woe will your life be galled.
For misery each day is seeking
A life in which to abide:
Spread joy and laughter in speaking,—
Scatter sunshine on every side.

A BIT OF ADVICE

While jotting down verse here's a bit of advice,—
Not alone is it meant for husband or wife,
Tho' if you are married you'll find it, I know,
More truth than poetry as farther you go:
Don't feel you can't lose the love you have gained;
Just strive for to see that love is retained.

If you are a wife, don't wrangle and nag,
And think that hubby's footsteps you must tag.
Nothing so dampens a married man's life
Or lessens his love like a cross, nagging wife.
If you desire his affections to hold,
Avoid above all of being a scold.

And, if a husband, just pause for to think
Of wife before you imbibe too freely in drink.
In speech don't be rude, but rather painstaking,
And avoid always telling of your mother's baking.
There's no grief harder for wifey to smother
Than to be always hearing about hubby's mother.

Now just pull together — you'll find that it pays,
If you would retain love for the rest of your days.
If you're always at odds you'll find then, of course,
That one or the other will be seeking divorce.
And as well as kind to each other be true,
Is the bit of advice that I'm giving to you.

HOW THE STORK PUNISHED BUDDIE

I'm seven years old, and always been
The bestest boy you ever seen,
But Pa and Ma both say I'm bad;
They frown and say, "Buddie, my lad,
Whatever will become of you?—
The many naughty things you do."

I runned away: they made a fuss,
And said the stork will visit us,
And your nose will be put out of joint.
Somehow I couldn't see the point;
The stork had never come as yet,
Though many times they made the threat.

But when I woke up this morning,
Pa looked at me,— it was a warning,—
And said quite low, "Come Buddie, dear,
And see what Mr. Stork left here."
I tiptoed in the way he led
To Mamma's room, and then he said:

"You know you haven't acted right,
So Mr. Stork was here last night.
We said you must be good, or maybe
We'd order stork to bring a baby."
But I was mad clear through and through
When I saw he had brought us two.

I just wish now I had a gun,
I bet I'd make that old stork run.

But I'll try to be as good
As any seven-year-old could,
For gee! I would get awful sore
If that old stork left any more.

But watch me kill that pesky stork,
If it proves to be my whole life's work.
I don't think he had much to do
To punish me by leaving two.
If he hain't killed, and they get sore,
They're apt to order three or four.

MISPLACED FRIENDSHIP

When once you cast honor aside,
To one in hopes of gain,
With nothing left, not even pride,
You will find your efforts vain.
You'll find too late naught but regret
For time and love misspent;
A cruel word the best you'll get
In which to find content.

Guard honor then, if you are wise,
And do not love bestow
On one you chance to idolize,
Who in turn will brand you low.
True love ofttimes is despised
Because too freely given,
While one that's pleaded for is prized,—
So guard your love while living.

KINDLY WORDS OF CHEER

When you are sad and lonely,
And all seems dark and drear,
Would it not cheer you if only
Some kind, trusting friend were near?
Thus to help banish the sadness,
And arrest the falling tear,
Smothering grief and bringing gladness,
By some kindly words of cheer?

Did you ever count the pleasures
That a few kind words would give,
And to some would seem as treasurers
Knowing so few while they live?
Learn the art of speaking kindly
To those on life's weary way,
That they do not judge you blindly
By your own indifferent way.

THE SON'S RETURN

They were seated by the fireside,
One stormy winter night.
The wind was howling dismally outside,
As they spoke of the travelers' plight.
The mother shifted in her chair,
A worried look upon her brow.
Said, "Dad, our child is now somewhere —
And may be seeking shelter now.
"But let us pray that He above,
Who watches o'er His own,

Will guide his steps with tender love,
And return him safely home.
I see not why he went away and
Left us here to mourn.
He always talked of foreign lands,
Even in life's early dawn.

"I do not think it was that he
Just left us, old and gray,
To sigh and fret and then to be
By strangers laid away.
He seemed to love us dearly, Dad,
That you cannot help but own.
He never dreamed how very sad
'Twould be left here alone.

"Rover hears a noise; oh, Dad!
Just open the door wide.
For any one that storm is bad;
Let them come inside."
He barely reached the doorway
Ere he heard a body fall:
"'Tis him, our boy!" she heard him say;
"But gone beyond recall."

They tenderly raised his form,
And chafed his hands and prayed
That God leave them not alone,
That the hand of Death be stayed.
A quivering lid, a gasp for breath,
Filled their poor hearts with joy.
For God had restored from death
Their long-lost, only boy.

WE'RE ONLY GIRLIES ONCE

Beginning at girlhood fancies,
I now will divulge the past,
And jot down a few circumstances
That will linger while memory lasts:
To begin I recall my first fellow,—
Though many refer to as beau,—
Like an over-ripe apple was mellow,
Quite eager that all should know.

I felt above all I'd been chosen,
And imagined I'd soon be a wife,
With no chance of me ever losing
Happiness through the rest of my life.
I played well my cards in beginning,
And was dubbed by all as a dunce.
But to this consolation I am clinging,
That we're only girlies once.

Many pranks did I jot in my diary
Which redden my cheeks now aflame.
Of love I spoke light and airy,
And considered myself a great dame.
Some fellows I thought I loved madly,
Now I own it that I was a dunce —
Some notes therein prove it sadly,
But then, we're only girlies once.

I married to spite another,
And just let her know that I could.
But that sort of grief you can't smother:
She could have him to-day if she would.

To-day as I read the book over,
It filled me with chagrin at once.
Then I smiled when I read on its cover
That we're only girlies once.

STARLIGHT

Stars above so brightly shining,
Scattering light along the way,
Guiding footsteps late in coming,
At the closing of the day.

Why above so bright and shining?
Are you on some mission sent?
Are you guides sent out from Heaven?
To save travelers are you bent?

'Twas a star that first lighted
Heaven when our Saviour came,
Finding no place but a manger;—
Hail, oh, Star of Bethlehem!

A star it was that pointed shepherds
To where the infant Jesus lay,
Wrapped in swaddlings by a Virgin,
On that blessed Christmas day.

Who can doubt your noble mission
After pointing out to men
The lowly birthplace of the Saviour,
Who as Lord on earth should reign?

THE THIRD ANNIVERSARY

“Just three years to-day we were wedded,
I and Mary, my dear little wife.
No man ever chose in his courting
A more perfect being for life.
Our sweet little babe so like her
That has come to brighten our home,
May God ever spare us our treasure,
That o’er us no shadow may come.”

Thus were the thoughts of the husband
As he toiled at his work that day,
And longed for the closing hour,
That he with his babe could play.
He fancied that Mary was standing
At the door with her smile so sweet
That always seemed ready for him
As he entered the yard from the street.

But to-night as he rounds the corner,
And looks for his wife and babe,
He sees his home all darkened,
And enters it sore afraid.
And when inside he hearkened,
From the little crib came a wail —
He found the babe and beside it
Lay the letter that told the tale.

“My God! I can never believe it,
For true as God is above,
My noble Mary would never leave
The two she so truly loved.

Let me read it again to convince me
Whether I've read aright—
I must have been mistaken;
My eyes must be bleared to-night.

"It can't be she has left us both!"
Though again he reads, "Tom, forgive me;
For these three long years I've tried
To be as happy as the day
When I became your bride.
'Twas just one month after
When I met my fate: I saw the one
I loved but then it was too late.

"And, Tom, you love our baby so,
I'll leave her with you;
For you can teach her better than
A worthless one like I could do.
Don't let her know that I'm alive,
Just say I long am dead;
Forget you ever knew me, Tom,—
Love some worthy girl and wed.

"I kissed my babe the last time
Her face my lips shall press,
I prayed and asked the Lord
For you and little Moll to bless.
I might lived on forever,
But to-day he called again;
The sight of one I loved so well
Filled my heart with pain.

“Dear Tom, I say good-bye to you,
And it’s our anniversary day.
Three years ago I never could
Have left you in this way.
But since my love for you is dead,
I ask of you to pray
For the worthless wife that fled
On your third anniversary day.”

He clasped his babe close to his breast,
Knelt by its crib to pray;
He did not move from where he knelt,
And some time the next day
They found him cold in death,
The cruel note crushed in his hand,—
And little Moll, his dear sweet babe,
Had also joined the angel’s band.

ON ROSEATE PINIONS LOVE RETURNED

Once in my life each pulse a-tingle
 With hope and love, with joy and bliss,
While echoes of fond words would mingle
 With memories of a lingering kiss.
My life had never tasted pleasure,
 My heart and soul were slumbering sound;
No smile that had come as yet had ever
 Caused in my heart love to abound.

The months of joy sped on so quickly,
 While my being basked in joy sublime.
Then on came gloom and shadows thickly,
 O'erspread my happiness for the time.
When some harsh words in anger spoken —
 A cruel rebuke with a sneer —
Left memory only as a token
 Of a friendship which once was dear.

The dismal days and wakeful nights
 Which seemed all fate now held for me;
The sun and stars and glaring lights,
 Were dark as darkest night could be.
And I who had suffered at the parting —
 Oft for the love one I had yearned —
Thus found the wound no longer smarting,
 As on roseate pinions love returned.

A HUMBLE OFFERING

Let not your moods cause friends dismay:
Give smiles, help chase the sorrow;
They meet with much along life's way
To bring a dark to-morrow.

A smile and kind word that we lend,
When days are dark and dreary,
Are good as flowers we would send
To friends, heartsick and weary.

Bestow your smiles where sadness reigns,
Where need and dark despair
Have settled down, thus causing pain,
For they'll be welcomed there.

A kind word and a smile, you know,
Will cheer and comfort bring;
So cause the tears of joy to flow
By this humble offering.

A LOCK OF MOTHER'S HAIR

I peeped at some keepsakes hidden,
Hidden for years away;
Tears came to my eyes unbidden,
When I came to a ringlet gray
That came from the brow of mother,
Who long since had passed away.

I was small, though yet I remember
How her spirit was wafted away
In the sweet autumn month of September,
Leaving us all in dismay;
Bade good-bye to us children so tender,
Then peacefully passed away.

Just as her face became ashen,
She smiled sadly, though so sweet;
Of the Father above was asking
To guide her orphans' feet
Till she would again be clasping
Them as time willed they should meet.

They laid her to rest 'neath the willow
That drooped o'er my father's grave.
The tears that night dampened my pillow,
Though I struggled and tried to be brave.
I was tossed on the world as a billow,
Or a lost boat adrift on the wave.

With no one but strangers to care,
How in this world I should stay.
No one with a home to share,
Or brighten my cheerless way.
An orphan alone, no help to bear
The burdens of each coming day.

LOVE AS A MOULD OF CHARACTER

There is much in love if you pause to think,
And to weigh its worth truly:
Love can bring one back from death's brink,
Or make a demon unruly.
Love can make of one who love possesses
A being that like a saint is;
And can on the other hand be no less
Than one close with Satan's acquaintance.

Love comes not at call, but as it is sent,
To one whom fate decrees;
Shall furnish pleasure and sweet content,
Or bring to the heart unease.
'Tis claimed by some to be Heaven sent,
As a gift from the One above.
While others declare it is Satan bent,
As fiendishness thro' it will prove.

Some have through love turned from sin;
Many from love indulged
In crime and treacherous dealings in,
Many ways oft devolved.
There are many ways that love can shape
A character good or bad;
It can bring content, soothe heartache,
Or make life forever sad.

EACH BEARS HIS CROSS AND SORROW

There are days in life filled with pain,
O'ershadowed deep with sorrow,
That rend apart life's mystic chain
And darken each to-morrow.
Like the sweet flower whose time is spent,
Our hopes will fade away.
No longer fragrance sweet is lent,
When leaves have known decay.

Though happy days we too will find,
Filled to o'erflow with joy,
Which brings contentment to the mind,
Sweet bliss with no alloy.
Where true and trusted friends will grasp
Your hand in kindly greeting;
Will with a warm and lingering clasp
Show pleasure at the meeting.

But every life has to endure
Both days of joy and pain.
Strive as we may none are secure
Only bright days to gain.
And only fair that all should share
Alike of joy and sorrow;
And, justly right, God made each bear
Alike his cross and sorrow.

REJOICING IN HEAVEN

“There’ll be rejoicing in Heaven to-day,”
Said the angel children while at play
In the golden streets of Heaven;
“For one of God’s children is leaving to-day,
The earth she went to live in.

“She is coming back to the Father’s dome,
And bidding farewell to the earthly home,
So to be with us here in Heaven.
Let us one and all our wings unfurl,
And welcome her home to Heaven.

“She is leaving now, do you hear them mourn?
Weeping aloud for their firstborn,
Even tho’ she will be in Heaven.
She was like a flower—too fair to stay
On the earth she went to live in.

“God wanted His garden of buds complete,
So He beckoned her here the angels to meet,
And be one of them here in Heaven.
He called her away from her earthly home,
And took back the treasure He’d given.

“Let us make haste, she is coming there;
See the hallowed light on her silken hair
She is returning now to Heaven;
And God himself has swung wide the gate
To welcome her home to Heaven.”

PRACTICE WHAT YOU PREACH

The new minister had come
And the edifice was filled,
In song the voices reached the dome,
Now all was hushed and stilled.
The introductory over,
He cleared his voice to say
He had been sent amongst them
To preach gospel truth and pray.

He hoped for their salvation
They would all unite,
And give all of their attention
To be christian soldiers right.
His voice was loud and earnest,
He aimed for it all to reach,
And dwelt long on the subject,
For to "practice what you preach."

The sermon was not flowery,
But a well directed one.
Then he quoted scripture saying,
"'Twas not good for man to live alone."
He pictured to them reasons why,
And tried to make it plain,
Why every man should ere he'd die
For himself a helpmeet claim.

He was passing from the subject,—
As to it he'd given his say,—
When he heard from a spinster
Who was attending church that day

Calling his attention
As to what she had to say:
"I've been a sister in this church,
For years, and my belief
Is first of all that ministers
Should practice what they preach.
"I've served my Master faithful,
But this I too must own:
I find it quite distasteful,
Serving him here all alone.
You have come amongst us single,
And of you I now beseech
To make a helpmeet of me, and
Prove you practice what you preach."

WHO IS IT?

Who is that will come to call,
Her gossip then begins to bawl,
Her tongue is loose and reaches all?—
A pretended friendly neighbor.

Who is it from your door will go
And talk of you the same, you know,
Makes up the part she doesn't know?—
The pretended friendly neighbor.

Who is it goes to your best friend
Who thro' goodness will assistance lend,
Tries to that friendship put an end?—
The same pretended friendly neighbor.

Who is it that will try to tell
Such evil things of you that will
Brand you as not fit for hell?—
The same pretended friendly neighbor.

Who is it keeps her lips sealed tight
And will not gossip or backbite
But keep on doing what is right?—
The true friend and good neighbor.

Who is it remains undisturbed
By any of vile gossip heard,
But herself speaks a kindly word?—
The true friend and good neighbor.

Who is it you have treated good,
Returned you evil for the good,
And slurred you everywhere she could?—
That pretended friendly neighbor.

Who is it, if some one does call,
Remarks most unsavory will bawl
As though her rubber pierced the wall?—
The same pretended friendly neighbor.

Who is it always throwing stones
At Mrs. Smith, or Brown, or Jones,
Thinks that for gossip prayer atones?—
The pretended friendly neighbor.

Who is it that will run about
All through the week gossip to shout,
At church on Sunday seems so devout?—
The evil-minded neighbor.

BRIGHTER DAYS COMING

Look ahead for brighter days coming,
Let smiles replace the frown;
Keep the heart light and the lips humming,
All thoughts dark and gloomy drown.

Strive to drive away the sorrow
That those about you feel;
You will lighten the gloom of tomorrow
By your own light-hearted zeal.

For charitable deeds are essential
To lessen heartaches and despair.
When success seems detrimental,
With life's burdens heavy to bear.

For the dark days are sure to follow,
And bright days seem very few.
When those in despair count life hollow,
Let some sunshine be lent them by you.

I'D LIKE TO BE IN DIXIE

"I would like to be in Dixie,"
Sighed a darkey old and gray;
"Just one more glimpse of Dixie
Before I pass away.

I in fancy am a-straying
Froo de cotton fiel's of white.
Yes, I'se constantly a-praying,
All day long and froo de night.

“Dere my loved ones am a-sleepin’,
Fo’ dese many weary years.
Dat de Lord a watch am keepin’
Helps some to dispell my fears.
How I ’members little Rufus,
An my little baby Cloe,
An de eldest one called Rastus,
Cried so hard kase I must go.

“An’ fo’ Mandy, my poor wife,
She sobbed so hard that day —
De saddest she’d known in life —
When I was took away.
An’ all de burnin’ tears she shed,
Had no power fo’ to save.
She knew ’twas better to be dead
Den taken as a slave.

“I served my mastah faithfully,
An’ now my time am spent.
Just one mo’ glimpse of Dixie,
An’ I could die content.
I know my wife and chillun’s gone,
But happy would I be
To see de lan’ whah I was bo’n
And have death make me free.”

THE OLD APPLE TREE

Under an apple tree, in the shade,
In vacation time two children played —
Fair-haired Julia and brown-haired James,
Confiding secrets while playing games.
Vacation over, to school each day,
Hand in hand they trudged away.
Together to and from school they went,
Seemingly happy and content.

As the years sped on and they older grew,
The friendship grew stronger between the two:
Always together at play or school,
Or plucking flowers in woodlands cool;
For never had any quarrel came,
To change their way or spoil a game —
Never a cloud to cross their way,
And they grew to love in their childish way.

The years sped on and fast time flew;
Friendship turned to love between the two.
Schooldays were over: no longer child games
Held any attraction for Julia and James.
Again one day as he held her hand,
He placed on her finger a golden band.
Their troth was plighted in the shade
Of the old apple tree where as chums they played.

MYSTERIES

Oh, balmy eve! oh, starry night!

Yon floating clouds so airy!

Pray tell the meaning of your flight,

So noiseless like a fairy.

What have you hid away from sight?

What secrets do you hold? —

Floating above us in the night,

Whether in heat or cold.

Are you messages to us below,

Sent out from heaven above,

But fail to make thy motive clear, tho,

While yet through space you move?

Has God in His great wisdom sent

You forth to show the way?

And on this mission are you bent? —

Reveal your meanings, pray.

Oh, babbling brook! oh, running stream!

As to your mission say;

Divulge to us who in your stream

See secrets stowed away.

What course is it that you pursue,

And oh, where shall it end?

That your mission we may not misconstrue,

Will you not enlightenment lend?

Oh, silvery moon! that lends us light

Along life's dark highway,

Your face illumines for us the night

That follows each sad day.

Your secret is well hidden, though,
As far above you shine,—
Can you not enlight us so,
Your mission we define?

Oh, sun! oh, golden sun! oh why
Some days so brightly shine
And lend your rays of light, then die,
Leaving gloom along your line?
Your mission is more, I ween,
Than forcing buds apart:
You brighten sad days, as has been seen,
And make light the heavy heart.

Oh, bursting buds of blooming flowers!
Some lasting but a day,
Though meant to cheer in life's sad hours,
Shedding perfume along the way.
Your mission, though, a noble one,—
A lesson well to heed,—
That blooms and buds will comfort those
Who joy and consolation need.

THE SAD FAREWELL MUST COME SOME DAY

To-night I sit and idly dream
Of life's bright days gone by;
Tho' none of them so bright doth seem,
When flitting swiftly by,
As the day we met and learned to love,
Oh! sweetheart, you and I.

You must recall sweet pleasures past,
Mingled sometimes with pain:
Do they play for you the entire cast,
Or do you long to meet again?
For each life has both pain and bliss
That may be soothed by love's sweet kiss.

We find love's charm unbroken lies
When gazing on thro' lovelit eyes,
The sweet enchantment of the spell
Broken only by a last farewell.
Live on and love while yet you may:
The sad farewell must come some day.

Just now abide in love's sunshine,
While this sweet privilege yet is thine.
Some time the mind, likewise the heart,
Will at this ungranted pleasure start.
Tears of regret will oft be shed
O'er paths where once true love had led.

WITH YOU AWAY

My heart is sore to-night, and grieving,
Since you, my love, must go away.
I only know that by your leaving
Will make as night the coming day.
And you can never know the sorrow;
You cannot read this heart of mine.
But no joy for me to-morrow,
With you away, oh, sweetheart mine!
My heart nigh breaks to think of parting,
Since you I own I learned to love.
With pain of love my heart is smarting,
Wounded by Cupid's arrow, love.
No wound there is to feel so keenly,
And none there is will cause such pain,
Tho' I submit to all serenely,
If by it I your love retain.

CAN A BLACK CHILD PLAY IN HEAVEN?

In schoolday recess playing,
Romp, shouting in delight,
Like so many sunbeams straying,
Were all pupils who were white.
In one corner, sad and lonely,
Sat Mirandy, who was black,
Knowing that her color only
Caused them all to turn their back.
To her mother told her sorrow,
Told how all from her had kept;

Sobbing out her keen-felt sorrow,
As to bed that night she crept.
For her little heart was breaking,
“Black!” they’d always scoff and say,
Whether sleep at night or waking,
And with none of them could play.
So one night she sought her bedroom,
And she prayed to God above;
Asked of him if there was room
For a black child that would love.
And throughout the supplication,
All of misery felt she told,
And of the scornful application
Not a grief did she withhold.
Then Mirandy in her praying
Beseeched of angels round the throne,
If her color barred her playing
There same as on this earth had done.
“Just because my skin is not white,
Is no sign that all should bar.
Oh, can you promise me the right,
To pass thro’ the gates ajar?”
And fervently she prayed to all
The angels round the throne
To have their messenger to call,
That she be not left alone.
In peaceful sleep she dreamed that night
That she was borne away
By angels in robes of pure white,
And with them allowed to play.

LIKE A KNIGHT

Like a knight you kissed and rode away,
Causing my heart despair,
Leaving my thoughts to fade and decay,
When for you I'd learned to care.
But then when dawns the morrow,
Born as a twin of to-day,
I will try to forget the sorrow,
And let memory sweet hold sway.
For if we pause to decipher life
We find it naught but a care;
So let us strive to avoid the strife,
And laugh at the burdens we bear.
If we seek for the pleasures day by day
That lie hidden away from sight,
We'll have no worries to make a young head gray,
And our hearts will be far more bright.

LEARN ONLY GOOD

Learn to live and banish sorrow
For the less fortunate one;
Try to brighten each to-morrow
By a kindness you have done.
Banish from your mind all evil;
Let good teachings in it dwell.
Treat your enemies so civil
That your kindness they must tell.
Teach your eyes to look on only
The good things to be seen.

Close them tightly to that only

Vile, impure, and unclean.

Try to have them raised to heaven

In a prayer once in a while.

Let by them sunshine be given,

In a radiant sunny smile.

Teach your tongue to ne'er talk gossip:

Only have kind words to fall

When in speaking, as if worship

Was your aim in view for all.

Never let it harm another

By light spoken words you say:

Let it praise some fallen brother;

Let it warble in this way.

Teach your feet to tread in only

Safe directed narrow ways,

So as not to be left lonely

At the life's last closing days.

There are many pathways hidden

That, should you chance to take,

Will cause tears to come unbidden;

Have them now the right one take.

Teach your hands to e'er be willing

For any task they find to do,

That each hour they are filling

Stands a monument to you.

Learn to have your hands do labors;

Tho' it may be a gruesome task,

Extend them to your weaker neighbors;

Let them work in your behalf.

SECRETS BRING SORROW

She met him one day as she wandered;
Her heart knew not of love before.
Years had been lost — she had squandered
On one whom she did not adore.
But meeting the right one caused sunshine
To be strewn across her way,
Tho' fate had decreed in her lifetime
That anguish its part too should play.

She had given her love at first meeting,
And basked in the love's sunshine.
She loved him so well her heart's beating
Kept time to love's musical rhyme.
Tho' lack of true love for the other
Had caused her to stow in her heart
Many mistakes she'd made, and to smother
The anguish such secrets impart.

She had loved the new one so madly
With fear hidden deep in her heart,
Should he learn of the secrets, then sneer
At the love burning fierce on her part.
So unwisely kept each day enfolding
Some secret hid safely from love,
And daily new ones thus withholding
Was killing the faint spark of love.

A liking for her, which some day
May burst into love pure and sweet,
Was doomed early to fade and decay,
Brought on through her cunning deceit.

But at last by his pleading was driven
To divulge what was hid in her breast;
Through his liking at last was forgiven,
And in his love now finds solace and rest.

TWILIGHT'S HOUR

Twilight softly stealing o'er us,
Sweetest hour of the day;
Just the time the nightbirds' chorus
Echos sweet their tender lay.
Lovers stroll along the broad walk;
Whisper love tales, soft and low;
Indulging in a heart to heart talk
As the twilight hours go.
There their troth of love is plighted;
All the future's joys are planned
Of the time when hearts united
With love's vows and golden band.
When two hearts as one are beating
In a cozy home installed;
When the same love's tales repeating,
With love and twilight hour enthralled.
A year has passed; again the twilight
Finds them filled with joy and love,
Gazing fondly at the wee mite
Sent to them from God above,
Just to keep their feet from straying
From their cozy lovelit bower,
Which they planned when they were Maying
'Neath the dusky twilight hour.

THE KISS THAT YOU GAVE

My heart sought affection,
But never found it.
It seemed each day more fettered
By chains that bound it.
And then, as if by magic, one day
A ray of sunshine came my way.
I was overjoyed, and filled with bliss,
As two lips sought mine own to kiss.

One hurried kiss, and again was gone,
Though it filled my heart
Like a sweet love song;
Made my heart beat wild, and my pulse to start.
As I laid me down to rest that night,
I thought of the kiss, and the hasty flight,
And I longed to feel the same lips again,
E'en tho' 'twould leave on life's page a stain.

I felt 'twas given my soul to awake
From a passionless, dying sleep;
That I free myself, arouse, and shake
Off the deep dark shadows that creep;
And since I've known the pleasure,
I could not resist, though a warning;
For a memory sweet do I treasure
Of the kiss you gave me one morning.

SEPTEMBER

September — Autumn's month — has come,

In all its golden splendor;

The leaves are changing now to brown,

Their farewell soon to tender.

The month when lad and lassie gay

Stroll down the lane together:

They talk of love and plight their vows,

In Autumn's fairest weather.

The fields are bare, the grain is stored,

The birds are southward winging;

With the whip-poor-will's plaintive chord

The woodlands all are ringing.

Twilight deepens into night like a slow-dying ember,

And in and out among the trees

We find the fluttering, falling leaves,

Bidding farewell to September.

SINCE MA BECAME A SUFFRAGETTE

Since Ma became a suffragette,

There's fun at our house:

When she speaks her piece, you bet,

Dad's quiet as a mouse.

She tells us all how they propose

To have all things done right;

And asks us all if we suppose

They're going to drop the fight.

Pa used to never stay at home

Of nights, but now you bet

He never cares at all to roam,
Since Ma turned suffragette.
He washes dishes, sweeps the floor,
And puts the babe to bed;
He cooks the meals and tends the door,
And sees us kids are fed.

Since Ma became a suffragette,
Pa's scared clear thro' and thro',
And won't allow us to upset
Things as we used to do.
He's just as careful as can be
Lest our tracks or Towser's
Is on the floor where she can see,
Since now she wears the trousers.

She lays off talk to him each day,
Brings her fist down with a thump;
And every word he will obey,
And does things on the jump.
She asks for money; there's no use
For him a word to say.
He knows that if he did refuse,
There'd be the deuce to pay.

I heard him tell Brown last night
Not to get married yet,
For fear his wife would join the fight,
And become a suffragette.
For any man with good sound sense,
He said, no matter who that preaches,
Wants to be made feel like thirty cents,
'Cause his wifey wears the breeches.

A TRAMP—BUT LET ME TELL

You brand me a tramp; but let me tell
Some of my past to you.

It may sound strange, but — well,
Nevertheless, it is true.

I once had a home of my own,
And the dearest sweetest wife,
With a child that we called Antone
That spelled happiness for life.

But fate,— cruel fate, I call it,—
Had designed to take a hand
To break up my home and destroy it,
The happiest home in the land.

And this is how it came about:
One sunny summer day
Some strangers, who were riding out,
Chanced to pass our way.

And just a short way from our house,
One horse its rider threw;
The blood a-streaming thro' his blouse
As up to our gate they drew.

I helped to lift him to a bed,
And summoned a surgeon's aid;
For days and weeks I nursed and fed,
And oft in silence prayed.

One morn to a near-by city I went,
On business called away.
Kissed wife and babe and left content;
Was to return next day.

And little I dreamed when I'd return
My wife and child would be
Gone, and that my eyes would burn
At the desolate home I'd see.

But I found my home deserted:
My wife and little child
With the stranger had departed,
My sweet wife with sin defiled.
Tramp will I, and mayhap some day
I will find my wife and child,
Who were lured from honest love away
By a serpent who beguiled.

REJECTED

When all love in your heart is spent
On one whom you adore;
Comes back a mass broken and bent,
Thrown idly at heart's door,—
Then you will know the pain
Caused by one you've respected,
Who, tired of the love you gave, again
Hands it back rejected.

Just bear this lesson well in mind,
As through life's way you go:
Don't place your trust in all you find
Willing to play the beau.
With love and honor and all else gone,
You will find yourself dejected;
You'll find no love for you yourself,—
You're simply just rejected.

LIFE A BARREN WASTE

Oh, life! thou seem'st a barren waste,
Devoid of all save sorrow,
For those who never sweetness taste,
Nor find a bright to-morrow.

What dost thou hold?— naught but strife,
For hearts with grief are breaking;
No brightness ushered into life
With each new morning's waking.

The same sad toil we must endure
From one day to another,
Which makes our way seem insecure,
Our grief too great to smother.

How bright the day would be if all
Our gloom and earthly sorrow
Could be made less, and no dark pall
Hang over each to-morrow.

THE LAD WHO VOLUNTEERED

She watched him march proudly away
To be a drummer-boy,
With choking sobs good-bye did say
To her only son, her joy;
He was going with the soldiers,
Her heart was filled with pain,
For many with guns on their shoulders
Would never come back again.
And how would fare her brave young lad,
Who as he said good-bye,

Implored of her not to weep?
As tears welled in his eye,
He added, "When the war is o'er
And I return to you,
You'll love me better than before
I showed my bravery true."
But ere the cruel war did end,
Came ringing in his ear
A call, which o'er the land was sent—
A request to volunteer.
He threw aside his drum with joy,
And volunteered to do
Battle with the older boys
Who wore the Union Blue.
The first battle in which he fought
Much lifeblood was spilled,
And to the foe much havoc wrought,
Great was the number killed,
When from the field the smoke had cleared,
The dead and wounded lay;
And some brave ones who volunteered
Lay wounded with the Gray.
But with another battle fought
Our soldier boys in Blue.
Upon the field their comrades sought
Many lay dead to view.
The drummer-boy, brave volunteer —
Who fearlessly life gave,
Was laid to rest with comrades' tears
Shed o'er his lonely grave.

MOTHER'S PICTURE ON THE WALL

You may sit as twilight deepens,
Casting shadows over all,
Summing up the life's past pleasures,
As is done at times by all.

But mind's casket holds no treasure
That will all reveries enthrall
As when the eye, in time of leisure,
Rests on mother's picture on the wall.

You recall the days of sunshine,
When your heart knew not a care,
Like some balmy day in springtime,
With her tenderness made rare.

For time will not completely banish
All sweet memories you recall,
While you're lost in idle musing
To mother's picture on the wall.

SOMETIMES

Sometimes a heart may be aching
For a word from one left unsaid,
While a sleeping passion is waking,
Lying no longer dormant and dead.
Just a clasp of the hand with a meaning,
As a steady eye looks in your own,
Fills your heart and mind as tho' dreaming
Of a congenial friend met in love's dome.

Ofttimes where all should be sunshine,
With never a cloud in the sky,
A pall will o'ermantle, you can not define,
From which hardiest flowers will die.
Where two hearts in life are mismated,
No joy in a lingering kiss,
Two beings will thus situated
Find life only one cold dark abyss.

I have yearned in past years, oh, how often!
For the warm gentle touch of a hand,
With a glance from an eye, that would soften
The future years life will demand.
For hungry my heart is, and crying
For a friendship warm, tender, and true,
That will scatter the gloom, so defying,—
Shall I find what I'm seeking, in you?

MEMORY

As alone I sit and think, dear,
Of the day when first we met,
Pondering o'er the many pleasures,
Leaving no room for regret:
Those I'd known before I met you
Like the shadows come and go,
Causing neither joy nor heartache,
But pass hither to and fro.
Never lingering for a moment,
Causing no hot tears to start.
Only thoughts of one you cherish
Send a tremor through the heart.

Absence cannot kill or conquer;
A true love will never die.
Love alone and not illusions
Bringeth from the heart a sigh.

Sweet and fragrant scented flowers
Bloom and wither in a day.
True love's a flower that's transplanted,
And lives forever and for aye.

LOVE UNRETURNED

Oh, why should I while in life's prime
Be filled with sadness and dismay,
Caused by the snares of love that time
Has caused to cross my way?

A love that's true tho' not returned
By the one to whom t'is given —
As is proven by the way 'tis spurned —
Makes life not worth the living.

Some day, though, when all else refuse
To deeds of kindness show,
Then may the heart with love infuse
And see the flickering glow

That yet, in hope of a return
From the one on whom bestowed,
Would fan the spark and make it burn
The brightest fire that e'er glowed.

A FUTURE DAY, MY LAD

Do you think of the future day, my lad,
When you will be called to give
A record of all deeds, good and bad,
And review the way you have lived?
How will you stand before the Judge
Who is keeping the records there?
And what will your answer be
When he asks 'bout the evening prayer?
— The one that was taught in early life,
Learned at your mother's knee
Before the thoughts were running rife,
With your soul from sin yet free.
Can you face your Judge with ease,
And with no fear of being denied?
Can you say you have tried to please,
And all ways of the wicked defied?

REFLECTIONS

Sadly to one comes the memory
Of the years that long have passed,
When you lived in happy daydreams,
With no lingering shadows cast.
Nothing then to dim the present,
No dark future did you see;
Life held naught but love and pleasure,
As you planned life's destiny.
But how different was the ending
Of those happy, happy dreams!
Death has caused a grief heart-rending,

And bright hope no longer gleams;
For the hand of death has taken
All from you that life once held,
Like the great trees of the forest
That the hand of man has felled.
All the pleasures in the future
Ne'er can banish from the brain,
Nor shut out the haunting vision
That you quite forget the pain,
When you think of one you cherished,
That had with you the future planned,
Counting all the pleasures purchased
With the gift of heart and hand.
Snatched from you, thus causing sorrow,
Scattering hopes like so much chaff;
Bringing sorrow for the morrow,
Grief and tears replacing laugh.
Day or night a vision haunts you,
Though from it you turn aside;
From your memory ne'er will vanish
The scene of when the betrothed died.

SOME TIME YOU SHALL KNOW

Last night, my dear one, as I slept,
I dreamed that you were nigh;
And on your vision my eyes kept,
As time passed by.
And when I tried to kiss your brow,—
For, oh, I loved you so!—
You turned as tho' you doubt it now,
But some time you shall know.

Some time when, in a darkened place,
Where others too shall weep,
Through tears you look upon my face,
Stilled in its long last sleep;
On the mute lips and placid brow
The smile for you shall show
That you were wrong in doubting now;
At that time you shall know.

In fancy look back on the years:
Imagine me to-night,
Struggling to keep burning tears
From falling as I write;
Imagine once more on your brow
The kiss of long ago.
That you are wrong in doubting now,
At that time you shall know.

FACES IN THE ALBUM

Wife, bring out the album to-night,
And let us once more look
At the faces of those lost to sight,
Save the photos in the old book:
First of all is a picture taken
Of us on our wedding day;
Our faith has remained unshaken,
With nothing to mar in that way.
Then the face of our little Polly,
That brought us lingering joy
At hearing her laughter so jolly,—
Bliss and with no alloy.

The tears come and keep a-flowing,
When we think of the night so dark
The death angel took her a-rowing
Away in the Master's barque.

Next was fair-haired, blue-eyed Jennie,
Who also was wafted away,
The same as was little Bennie;
Not one was allowed to stay.

God gave us a taste of true pleasure
By leaving them with us a while,
But robbed us of our greatest treasure
When He took from our home their smile.

Then Ray and Kate were spared us,
To lend sunshine in our home,
Tho' since they have wedded and left us,
We find ourselves old and alone.

We can look at the baby faces
Even though they were borne away,
And of the past grief there'll be no traces,
As they greet us in some future day.

LOVE LATE IN LIFE

Oh! that my heart was light and gay
As it was ere love came
To blight and mar my spirits gay,
Causing anguish, grief, and pain.

When love comes to one late in life,
Why does it sadness bring?
The battles fought to ward off strife
Have left their cruel sting.

Bitter heartaches made by taunts
Of love make deepest sorrow
That lives for aye, and always haunts
With the coming of each morrow:
A something which for many yearn,
The sweetest flower e'er grewed.
The eyes from scalding tears will burn,
When scorned by those on whom bestowed.

LOVE AND HEARTACHE HAND IN HAND

Love and heartache hand in hand
We find, though fail to understand
Why, when ensnared by love's sweet spell,
Our hearts must know anguish as well.
Love is Godsent, a flower rare;
When true naught with it can compare.
A something which, when once obtained,
In life the highest mount is gained.
It thrills the being, fills the heart
With joy that naught else could impart.
It brings a smile and lights the eye;
For true love can not, will not die.
Gold cannot take the place of love,
The rarest boon here or above.
'Twill shorten or prolong life's sand,
This love and heartache, hand in hand.
The rich and poor alike will feel
Both bliss and pain, when love is real.

WHEN I AM DEAD AND GONE

Will some that knew me while I lived

Pause at my bier and say:

“Death here has called a useful soul

From our midst away?”—

Many kind acts and deeds bestowed

To those in dark despair;

Helping to lighten another's load

Of sorrow, grief, and care.

Will some one that yet while I lived

Knew of my charity,

Extend a word of kindness then

In sweet hospitality?

Or will they to my acts of good be dumb

While helpless there I lay?—

When I am dead and gone,

And naught but lifeless clay.

Will the one I loved while I lived

In memory drop a tear?

And keep the place in heart vacant,

To show they loved me dear?

Or will they claim another's hand,

And to other's smiles succumb?

Or will they still be true and

Grieve when I am gone?

Perhaps 'tis well I do not know

Of all that will take place

When those I'd called my friends

Last look upon my face.

Some may linger there to mourn
And kindly tributes pay,
While others when I'm dead and gone
Will naught but evil of me say.

WHEN YOU CAME

You came in life's rosy morning,
And taught me the lesson of love —
That for which my heart was longing,
Full like the wing of a dove.
And now I no longer pine,
With a heart empty and sore,
For joy has come into mine
Since I wake to find I adore.

The shadows dispersed so quickly,
The sun all about me did shine,
And the gloom that had gathered so thickly
O'er my soul ere it mingled with thine
Turned into the pure sweet lovelight;
Banished was each inky cloud,
Like a beautiful day seemed the night,
And no longer in grief was I bowed.

PONDERING O'ER LIFE

I oft ponder of life as it ebbs slowly by,
And picture the hour when I too must die.
And I oft wonder how it will be
When I must cross o'er the beautiful sea.
What will confront me, and where will I rest?
How will I be judged, when I have confessed?
What good deeds have I done in my life's time,
Or evils committed to be counted a crime?
What will be the sentence that I will receive?
Will my sins be too great for myself to believe
When pointed to me by the Good and the Great
Who judges each one as they enter the gate?
Oh! what should I do, if I heard Him say,
"Go on, and continue in sin's broad highway.
While you lived, it was the path that you choosed;
Seek admittance there — you will not be refused"?
How little I'd fear, when death's hour was nigh,
If I knew that my soul would soar to the sky,
Where angels of Heaven in white robes do dwell,
And escape all the pains that are suffered in Hell.

SIS HAS GOT A BEAU

I wish I could grow big, because
My sister has; and so,
According to her right by laws,
She's allowed to have a beau.
He comes here every Sunday night,
And sometimes through the week;
And just 'cause she's allowed the right,
You ought to hear her speak.

She makes us keep clear out of sight,
And away from the parlor door,—
You bet she does,— each blessed night
She thinks he'll come; and more,
She stays upstairs an hour
Just to practice how to act,
Then dabs on a lot of powder
And adds an extra rat.

She acted so smart yesterday,
And made us kids all run,
That we decided on a way
That we could have some fun.
We waited until Jenks was there,
And they began to chat,
Then slipped a live mouse 'neath the chair
Upon which Sis had sat.

And just to see what she would do
We lingered near the stoop,

And soon our prophecy came true,
For Sis she gave a whoop;—
Jenks must have thought her loony,
For how should he suppose
That she had felt a real live mouse
A-creeping round her toes?

THE DAWN OF THE MORROW

At the dawn of the coming morrow,
When I shall be far away,
Will your heart be filled with sorrow,
With a longing to see me some day?

When you think of the phrases uttered,
Will you laugh at me in scorn?
Or recall some harsh words muttered
That made me feel sad and forlorn?

When blindly through love I had given
All that I had to bestow,
By cruel words from you were driven,
And by you was branded low.

With nothing in life to replenish
The fire burned out by the game,
Must I turn back away and relinquish
All rights to what kindled the flame?

Our meeting a lesson has taught me
Tho' a bitter one seared on my brain,
To temptations I will say, "Depart thee!"
I have hoped but only in vain.

FROM THE CRADLE TO THE GRAVE

Life is just a sea of trouble;
Hope is naught but a frail bubble.
With hope is mingled fear and doubt,
More like an ember dying out.
We wake at morn, yet do not know
What through the day fate may bestow.
Oft faint heart struggling to be brave
Starts the journey to the grave.

Life held for them naught at the start;
Fainter grows hope and they depart.
And when the years pass swiftly by,
With faltering step and tear-dimmed eye,
They look aghast at their mistake,
Since age bars efforts they would make.
They look askance at those and rave,
That made the journey to the grave.

Life, as we know, is what we make it,
The path is long and to undertake it,
If we seek to gain the highest round
Of the ladder of life, hope must abound.
Nothing is gained where no self-will
Is added to efforts, and never until
We face the journey, self-willed and brave,
Profit on the journey from the cradle to the grave.

FRIENDS

Friends! — when you pause to think
How few they really are:
While you've the price to buy a drink
They'll linger at the bar,
Tho' let them see a change take place,
They like shadows fade away,
And fail to recognize your face,
In the short lapse of a day.

They fail to clasp your outstretched hand
As in a former day,
Or stop you on the street and stand
Some pleasantries to say.
Something they must attend to;
They bow and hurry on
With, "Some other time I'll see you,
But I'm in haste to-day — so long."

Now, when a man you chance to meet
That has proven friendship true,
Who always with a smile will greet,
When others have spurned you,
Count this friendship a blessing rare,
Or a boon from Heaven above;
For few will know or even care,
This fact we well can prove.

THE BEACON LIGHT

Beside the flickering embers
An aged couple sat
Within the cozy sitting-room,
For the usual evening chat.
A deathly silence seemed to fall
O'er the couple, bent and gray,
When the father cleared his voice to tell
How Jamie ran away.

“Just fifteen years to-night, Mother,
That he, our only child,
Left his home and us in grief
To sail the ocean wild.
No word has come to cheer us,
The only hope we had.
I never thought he would forget
His Mother, home, and Dad.

“And, wife, I know our stay on earth
Will at best not be long;
The sands of life are ebbing fast,
Our race is nearly run.
Just leave a light a-burning bright,
That should he chance to come,
A beacon light will be in sight
To bid him welcome home.”

A step is heard upon the stoop;
They pause, and — oh, what joy!
The door is flung wide open
By their long-lost only boy.
He rushes to their side and cries:
“I could no longer roam;
My thoughts turned back to parents,
And my footsteps turned to home.”

THE OLD DRIVEWAY

As I sat by the fireside musing
Over life's joys, now past and gone,
There came to my mind, so vivid,
A glimpse of that dear old home:
Just a little old-fashioned cottage;
Around the windows the roses did twine;
As you entered the yard from the driveway,
Came the fragrance of sweet jessamine.

Through two long stately rows of maples,
Which ended at last by the gate,
As the twilight hours deepened
I would longingly wait for Kate.
And how vivid it all came to me
Of the night I held her hand,
And, after her “yes” was whispered,
Placed on her finger a golden band.

There in the same little cottage
I took her as my bride,
And passed the years so happy
With Jessie, our joy and pride.
Part of the picture is painted
Plain as though it were yesterday,—
They bore her, cold and silent,
Out through the old driveway.

The cottage, you see why I love it,
The flowers and driveway as well,—
They are filled with tender memories
That only life's sweethearts can tell.
She is waiting to give me a welcome,
And should I be summoned to-day,
Her spirit I know would accompany me
Out through the old driveway.

THE VALLEY OF DEATH

There's a journey we all will be making
That begins with the last fleeting breath,
And this journey we all will be taking
Leads us on through the valley of death.
It may take us thro' sunny paths reeking
With flowers of sweet scent and bloom
To the portals of light we are seeking,
And spare us the darkness and gloom.

It may lead us along in darkness,
Thro' a path of mire and thorn,
Where we find awaits only harshness,
As we arrive at the end all forlorn.
For this journey is just as we make it,
And is not as fate wills it to be;
But the life we live here will shape it,—
This journey to our destiny.

If wealth is our God while living,
Striving always more to attain,
Hoarding all for ourselves, never giving,
No reward as life ends will we gain.
For when we are called, as we will be,
And gasping for the last breath,
Wealth will have no power, as we'll see,
To purchase our path thro' the valley of death.

When the heart and the mind are glowing
With records of good deeds done,
And the kindest affections bestowing
On the poor and the needy one,
The path thro' the valley will be
The light flowery path to the dome.
The sentence of the Judge to thee
Will be, "Come dwell in thy Father's home."

SOLDIER LAD

Little playmates in the street,
Frisking lively in their play;
Playing catch-me-if-you-can,
On one glorious summer day.
One small tot, playing soldier man,
Sought his elders as they played.
Did not see the maddened steed,
As across the street he strayed,
Bearing on him at full speed,—
Soldier Lad was not afraid.
Only for to join the rest
All his young heart did desire —
Trudged the little soldier scout,
Toy gun drawn as though to fire,
“Halt!” the little one did shout
To the others far in lead.
“Me a soldier; me a scout!” —
Heeding not the maddened steed.
Just then came a warning shout,
But too late for him to heed.
Onward rushed the maddened beast;
Rescuers hastened to the spot.
Raised the lifeless little form
Of the little soldier tot.
Tenderly they raised his head,
But death had closed the eyes of brown.
Bore him gently to his home,
Laid him on his little bed.
Turned away with stifled moan
From where lay the soldier dead.

ONCE A POOR MAN'S FOOL

A mother one morning, filled with dismay
At the many tasks which before her lay,
Pondered o'er all that she must do
If ever that day she would get through:
Little Tom's jacket needed a patch,
A dropped stitch in Johnnie's mitten to catch.
My, oh my! where would it end,
With Ruth's and Elsie's dresses to mend?

Peel potatoes for dinner, prepare a squash,
A floor to scrub and dishes to wash;
For lunch she had promised ginger cake,
And upstairs remained all the beds to make;
The children must be ready for school.
And she sighed and called herself a fool
For ever becoming a poor man's wife,
Aging herself with the cares and strife.

For years thus she toiled and yearned,
When kindly fate the tables turned:
The gold poured in, and her treasured dream
And the wealth she craved for did really gleam.
Now she could enjoy the pleasures of life;
No longer was she a poor man's wife;
No longer need she worry and trudge,
And other ladies their ease begrudge.

She installed herself in a mansion grand,
With many servants at her command.
She never now need darn or mend;
Her wealth made her able to choose a friend.
The friends she had while she was poor
She now despised and could not endure;
And those less wealthy were treated cool,—
She was no longer considered a poor man's fool.

WEEP NOT FOR A LITTLE CHILD

We gathered around a snow-white bed
Where a little child lay dying;
The peaceful look on the little face showed
That on some tender love it was relying.
As we poured out our bitter grief
A voice that came out from empty space
Said, soft and low, "Why art thou weeping?
'Tis only God's hand in kindness laid;
He has sent to earth for his own.
Remember the words of the Saviour:
'Let the little children come.'
So weep not for a little child,
Though it may seem hard to part.
God knows why He calls it from earth away,
Though it leaves an aching heart.
Perhaps you are going too far away
From that which your soul most needs.
He has taken your babe, for you know He has
said

That a little child shall lead.
So watch the way you are going now;
Some day you shall meet your own,
That caused an aching heart to lose,
But helped you to gain the throne.
So, fathers and mothers, weep not
What God doeth is for the best;
And only His way to lead you
To the beautiful City of Rest.
Now henceforth beware, for you know
Your child is safe in His keeping.
Prepare to meet it when time has come
That God has set for the meeting.
And when the time has come for you
To be gathered by death's reaping,
Your child will be there to welcome you
Into the fold where there is no weeping."

WARTIME HEROES

The light falls lightly on the hearth,
The chairs are occupied,
And all in eagerness they wait
As grandpa is espied.
For he, the soldier man from birth,
Will wartime's tales relate
Of bloody battles fought and won
By heroes proud and great.

They hear of how, when in his day
The cannons loud did roar,
And when the smoke had cleared away,
Their comrades wounded bore.
And how the trench was made
The dead in which to lay
Who gave their life the flag to save,
That day in battle's fray.

He tells with pride some heroic deed
Of some young soldier boy
Whose heart was true to his country's need,
Some mother's only joy.
He fought and fell trying to save
The flag which made us free,
And sleeps in some unknown grave,
From all war horrors free.

They hear again how shot and shell
Amongst the soldiers flew;
That only one who faced could tell
The dangers of the boys in blue.
The Stars and Stripes so dearly bought
Should ever proudly wave
Above the mounds of those who fought
The Stars and Stripes to save.

LOVE'S ANNIVERSARY

Three years ago to-day, sweetheart —
Do you recall the hour
When I gazed in your eyes of brown,
Enthralled by sweet love's power?
My love for you still fills my heart,
And sets my soul aglow;
One fond caress from you, sweetheart,
Makes Heaven here below.

And oh, my darling! may it be
Always and ever so.
To lose your friendship would cause
Such pain you can not know;
For deep down in my bosom, dear,
Is love both pure and sweet,
And whether thou art far or near,
My heart for you doth beat.

And oft I think with scalding tears
Of life's last closing hour,
When one of us must be left here
By fate's sure ruling power.
I pray that I may first be called,
If one alone must go,
For were it you, life would be galled,—
For, dear, I love you so.

No love was ever stronger, dear,
Than that which fills my heart;
And naught could ever kill it,
Not even though we part.
One hundred years from now, pet,
Were you alive to know,
You'd find my love living yet,—
For, dear, I love you so.

I SHOULD WORRY

Nowadays we hear in speaking
To folks in all walks of life,—
Whether information seeking
Or to mention rumors rife,—
Some such phrase as “I should worry,”
Uttered with a knowing look,
Adding, as if in a hurry,
“— Like a crumb cloth and be shook.”

And it's always “I should worry”
Ever from the things you say,
Putting your mind in a flurry
On the topics of the day.
You can hear the “I should worry”
For some kind advice you lent;
Yes, “worry like an onion;
Fade away and leave a scent.”

“I should worry,” they will tell you,
If you try to let them know
That the pace they try to follow
Had best be taken slow.
Then, to show how little heeded,
As “dope” your speech they'll dub,
Saying, “I should worry like a washboard,
And stay always in a tub.”

It's no use talking, nowadays,
Young folks won't hear to you;

You can't make them think it pays
To go to church and rent a pew.
For the tango now takes all their time,
To all else they say, "Skidoo!"
Or, "I should worry like an oyster,
And get into a stew."

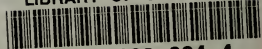


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